

R E D E M P T I O N,

A P O E M.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.



REDEMPTION,

A P O E M

IN FIVE BOOKS.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy ——— for thou wast
slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and
tongue, and people, and nation. Rev. v. 9.*

L O N D O N :

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1789.

REDEMPTION

A POEM

IN FIVE BOOKS

BY JOSEPH SWIN



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P R E F A C E.

AMIDST the numerous publications with which the press abounds, a casual observer, whose mind is seriously concerned for the interests of *genuine Christianity*, cannot but lament how much it is disguised by rational affectation, disgraced by focinian corruption, and opposed by deistical infidelity.

In whatever form therefore, and by whatever innocent means, the essential peculiarities of divine revelation can be introduced to the notice of the public, we cannot but approve

the attempt. The abilities to produce a perfect work are not dispensed to every man, by the great Author of our nature. The smallest talent, faithfully devoted to the service of true religion, ought to be acknowledged with due estimation. The condescending goodness of God himself hath told us for our encouragement, that, “ If there be first a willing mind, “ it is accepted according to that a man hath, “ and not according to that he hath not.”

The author of the following specimen of a work, which he hopes hereafter to complete, affects not the sublime genius of an *Homer*, the elegant flow of a *Virgil*, nor the divine majesty of a *Milton*. What he means, is, to throw the infallible dictates of the Spirit of Inspiration into humble metre, and in the modest strain of scriptural simplicity and godly sincerity. He writes not for the regions of polite literature; having never derived any advantages

vantages of that sort from a liberal, or even classical, education. He hopes therefore not to be judged by the severe rules of *Criticism*—perfectly satisfied if what he has advanced in these pages will stand the test, and promote the cause, of *piety* and *truth*.

The subject is **REDEMPTION**. The first, the highest, and the most interesting, of all subjects.—The great subject of inspiration, and of **GOD** ! A subject which is inexhaustible in its *nature*, and everlasting in its *blessings*: which will survive all the glories of this world, and be the never-ending theme of celebration in the next.

That the reader and the writer may be the happy partakers of all its benefits, is the most unfeigned wish of

C. E. DE COETLOGON.

Lower Grosvenor Place,
Sept. 21, 1789.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 introduction of the subject. It is shown that the
 theory of the subject is of great importance in
 the study of the subject.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a
 detailed study of the subject. It is shown that the
 theory of the subject is of great importance in
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3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a
 detailed study of the subject. It is shown that the
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4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a
 detailed study of the subject. It is shown that the
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I N T R O D U C T I O N .

THE following humble attempt, together with the subject of it, were first suggested to me by the Reverend Author of the preface to this book, who had seen some small pieces of mine; several of which have appeared in the Theological Miscellany. When it was first proposed, the greatness of the subject impressed my mind with an awe that seemed to forbid my engaging in so solemn a work; but, after using such means as are natural to a Christian, that forbidding awe gave place to the cheering dawn of Divine encouragement contained in the following Scriptures:—

“ Them

“Them that honour me I will honour.”—“Out
 “of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast
 “perfected praise.” And especially Psalm cxlv.
 “All thy works shall praise thee, O Jehovah, and
 “thy faints shall bless thee. They shall abundantly
 “utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall
 “sing of thy righteousness. They shall speak of the
 “glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power, to
 “make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
 “and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.”——

These, and many other parts of scripture of a
 similar tendency, seemed rather to encourage than
 forbid an attempt of this nature. I may add, with
 truth, that the pleasure I found while engaged in
 the work animated me almost as much as any
 other consideration.

While I embrace this public opportunity of
 expressing my sincere gratitude to the Reverend
 Gentleman before mentioned, for the friendly en-
 couragement he has given me all through the
 work,

work, I ought also to acknowledge the uncommon animation I felt on reading the following lines in one of COWPER's Poems :

'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touch'd with a coal from heav'n, assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He, who died below and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is love*.

And, though I can lay no claim to having done what he there recommends in the manner he describes, I have done what I could; and there is room enough left for every one, who has an heart for it, to exercise all the talents God has given him, on so glorious, so unbounded, a subject.

Some truly serious people object to so many religious books being published; alleging, in support of their objections, the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures to make men wise unto salvation. To these the Scriptures above-mentioned, together with this—"Occupy till I come," may be a sufficient answer. I need not apologize for writing on a subject so important in blank verse, since it is

* Vol. I. p. 38.

evident that a great part of the Bible itself was originally written in that style. In the course of the work I have studied to dwell chiefly on those things in which true Christians are most interested. Nevertheless, where I have found most liberty I have given myself the greatest latitude.

In describing the character of a Christian, I have endeavoured to render more conspicuous such evidences of grace as are indisputable; consequently there may be many true Christians who neither experience such heights of enjoyment, engage in such strength of conflict, or manifest such degree of submission, to the sovereign will of God, as are here described. The strong and lasting serenity of soul, hinted at in some parts of the fourth and fifth books, is only the fruit of the fullest assurance. As, when an artist draws or paints the portrait of any person, he does not expose the whole form to view, but the face, hands, &c.—So it is with the mental powers of man: there are but few comparatively of our thoughts that will bear *creature-inspection*; the rest are best suppressed, or buried in oblivion. The graces of believers, not their infirmities, are
their

their distinguishing characteristics ; and certainly whatever is drawn as a pattern should have something in it worthy of imitation. After all, I am not conscious of a single idea which goes beyond the fact of the case described : on the contrary, I believe the experience and conduct of many have exceeded (both as it respects communion with God, and conformity to him) all that I have written.

Should any suppose, on reading the first line, that I have attempted to tread in the steps of Milton, a very little farther inspection will convince them to the contrary. I have neither ambition nor acquirements sufficient to induce me to become a candidate for EPIC BAYS ; and, though I have used similitudes, and walked at large in the fields of metaphor, I have not once ventured into the imaginary world of machinery. I esteem all the truth peculiar to Revelation as sacred ; and have used no method of conveying ideas, drawn from the Word of God and Christian experience, but such as that Word appears to me to countenance : and, as I have not written so much

5

with

with a view to entertain as to be useful, I hope it will not be thought assuming that I have sometimes attempted to probe the human heart, which the Scriptures declare to be “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;” as this has not been done with a view to administer torment, but to make way for the balm of immortal life.

Every real Christian will readily excuse me that I have so often stopped to admire and proclaim some essential part of the great Redeemer’s character; as such will bear me witness, that it is impossible to see Him with the eye of Faith, and not for a time to lose sight of every other object. Christ is represented in the book of Revelation as attracting the unanimous attention of heaven. And what wonder if, wherever the King of Glory enters, all eyes are at once drawn from every other beauty, and rivetted with rapture and reverence on him! And if a view of him by faith in the land of conflict is so overcoming, what will it be to see him as he is in the land of eternal triumph! Brethren, rejoice! the sun shall rise and set but a few times more before this will be the case with every one that

that waits and wishes for his promised appearance! The glory of this Redeemer, and the good of his redeemed, I am proud to confess, is the highest aim of this little attempt; in which my great concern has been, in a style natural and easy to most capacities, to set forth the leading doctrines of the gospel: such as—atonement for sin by the blood of CHRIST—justification from guilt by his perfect obedience to the moral law—regeneration and sanctification of heart by the eternal SPIRIT—divine instruction drawn from the Word of God, and communicated to the human understanding by the same Almighty Spirit: and all this as the fruit of God's everlasting love to his chosen people.

These things (however despised and rejected by the reputed wise men of the world as enthusiastic) are the foundation-work on which I have raised the present superstructure; and other foundations I shall not need, though I should continue to write till grey hairs warn me of my removal from a state of probation to an unchangeable eternity!

✂ It may not perhaps be improper to inform the public
that I mean, at some future period (if the Lord
will), to add five books more to the present work,
on the same subject.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK I.

A R G U M E N T.

A short introduction to the subject.—The author's supplication for divine assistance in the various branches of the work. — The awful change which took place in the mind of man, in consequence of the fall, instanced in his loss of wisdom. — Reflections on the nature and fruits of ignorance and unbelief.—On the effects of misplaced affections in Adam and his posterity.—The dreadful nature of guilt.—Man's loss of dominion over the creatures an effect of his loss of purity, and breach of obedience.—A retrospective view of his various enjoyments in a state of innocence, both in the gratification of the senses and natural exercise of the mind.—The supposed exultation of Satan on having so far succeeded.—The foreknowledge and predetermination of God respecting the redemption of his people by the substitution of Christ, with his free engagement in the work, and fitness for it.—The first promise given.—The first book closes with descriptive praise of the Mediator.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK I.

OF man's REDEMPTION, which so clearly shines
Through ev'ry page of God's unerring word,
By love constrain'd, I sing—nor sing alone.
To harps of higher note, and sweeter sound,
Myriads unnumber'd round th' eternal throne
Chant the vast myst'ries of redeeming love,
And humbly own it soars beyond their praise.
Nor will the heaven-bound sons of grace refuse
(While on the field of action they contend
With enemies more potent than themselves,
While satan's fiercest legion's they oppose,
Despise the vain allurements of the world,
And greatly combat with their own desires,

Though deep repentance faith's bright eye bedews)
The muse in her celestial flight to join;
Sing while they fight^a, and triumph while they fight.
My harp for these I string, in humble hope
To aid their gratitude below the stars;
Below to aid them, and with them on high
Eternally to sing redeeming love.

BRIGHT source of truth and wisdom, from
whose beams

Thine ancient servants caught prophetic fire;
Before thy rays of uncreated light
Let mental darkness fly my infant mind,
And pure intelligence from thy vast stores
Of truth immense, and wisdom infinite,
Break gently on my soul, each rising thought
From error purging e'er it reach my pen.
And, while a worm attempts almighty love
To sing in flowing numbers, guide, oh guide,
And check, and bound my muse's boldest wing.
Teach me what time in rapt'rous strains, beyond
Comforts and cares terrestrial, to arise,
The glorious fruits of grace's precious seed

^a As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. 2 Cor, vi, 10.

To her aspiring children to display.
And when, in deeper notes, to sing the vale
Which fruitful sin, thick with infernal weeds,
Has sown ; where buds that promise future sweets
Shed baneful disappointment when they blow ;
Where slavish fears bar up the way to heav'n,
And air-built hopes beguile the path to hell.
Instruct me when the guilty to alarm,
By pointing to thy justice and thy pow'r ;
And when the balm of comfort to apply
In soothing language to the bleeding heart.
'Tis thine the labours of the pen to bless ;
Without thine aid abortive falls each thought,
However strong. However sweet the lay,
That tells thy love, it charms not till thy beams
Wing it with pow'r, and through the yielding heart
Make way for mercy. Oh let then thine hand
Each budding line with fruit in season crown ;
And as the pow'r, so be the glory thine.

WHILE free salvation is my chosen theme,
Give me salvation's living streams to drink ;
And let redeeming love my passions move,
While in glad strains redeeming love I sing.

Nor let my muse stoop from her noble theme
On things abstruse ill-founded thoughts to spend.
Sublimely simple let my numbers flow,
And each new thought thy genuine beams reflect.
And while my fellow mortals I invite
To shun the paths that to destruction lead,
And feel, though blind, for Christ the living way,
From death eternal to eternal life,
Assist me all thy counsel to proclaim,
Nor let my pen one darling error spare.
Should I, enamour'd of redeeming love,
Attempt before the Christian's eye to place
In gospel light salvation's flowing wells^b,
And tell how free those living waters spring;
Oh teach me from the treasures of thy word
(Where promises in rich profusion lie)
Unmingled streams of living truth to draw,
That travellers may drink and be refresh'd,
From thy celestial mine let solid gems,
Set each in silver strain, console the mind,

^b Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. Isaiah, xii. 3.

He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. John, vii. 38.

In conflict tost, with hope of rich reward.
Or if in strains severer I reprove,
Let candid sweetness through each pointed line
Breathe genuine love ; and where it pierces leave
A precious balm the faithful wound to heal.

SHOULD smiling fiction, while secure I sing,
Some pleasing lure present in fair disguise,
Aside from virtue's path my feet to draw,
By swelling passion ; or, more subtle still,
By wreathing laurels my own head to crown ;
Oh let thy word my thoughtless heart alarm ;
Let thy almighty arm, my secret foes
Subduing, to thy ways restore my feet ;
And timely warn me, that I fall no more.
Guard me alike from satan's dark designs,
And wild imagination's lawless fire.

Now to my theme, led by thy rays, I turn.
With steadfast ardour make my bosom glow:
And since for me, with many a painful step,
My God in human flesh through death's dark vale
Walk'd patient when redemption's price he paid,
Let not my thoughts on this vast subject tire ;

But let fresh truth, fresh matter, still suggest;
Let the bright wonders of my Saviour's love
Through all my pilgrimage my tongue employ;
And when with him at home I walk in white
That love shall be my everlasting song.

WHEN the first man, his Maker's dread command
Despising, pluck'd and ate forbidden fruit,
Sin, with an awful train of mental shades
(Not as an enemy that comes by force,
And lawless bears down all before his pow'r,
But as a welcome guest admitted in)
Enter'd his soul, and free possession took
Of ev'ry avenue from thence to God.

VAST was the change, and horrible to tell,
When the black tyrant thus usurp'd the reigns
Of government, and sway'd the soul of man!
His mind^c was rectitude in miniature,
With skill divine, by an unerring hand,

^c God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him.

Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed;
how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange
vine unto me, Jer. ii. 21.

Drawn

Drawn from his Maker's bright original;
Where, with her brow serene and watchful eye,
Bright wisdom sat, and taught his thoughts what
time

On wings of pure devotion to ascend
Celestial heights; and at his sov'reign's feet,
With low submission, in becoming strains,
Grateful acknowledgment of good receiv'd
With rev'rence to present; and praises meet
To flow incessant from a creature-mind,
Like him dependant, and like him supply'd,
And when on things below to cast an eye
Of kind attention. How to rule he knew
With meekness, while his Maker's gentle sway
Himself experienc'd: his own place and use
In God's creation well he understood;
And that of ev'ry living thing that draws
Breath from the common treasury of air,
Or in the briny element beneath
Its portion seeks: his penetrating eye
At the first glance distinguish'd by what name^d

^d The Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them to Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof. Gen. ii. 19.

Best to express their nature, when his Lord
Before him made the various creatures pass
O'er which he gave him rule ; and what he call'd
The creatures in distinction, that remain'd
Through each succeeding age the creatures' names.

SUCH was the wisdom of unfallen man.
But when sin enter'd his capacious pow'rs,
So darken'd was his intellectual eye,
That, fill'd with false ideas, he conceiv'd
Wrong notions of himself, of God, and all
Creation's various works. One impious lie
Admitted, bars the door against all truth,
And lets in thousands more. Blind unbelief
(The atheist's wretched comforter and trust,
Which, truth self-prov'd rejecting, swallows down
Prodigious fictions newly forg'd in hell,
And founded on confusion) now took place
Of duteous credence in the mind of man ;
For what is self-confuting unbelief
But credence weaken'd by the mortal wound
Sin gave the human soul, and stretch'd beyond
Pure reason's bounds so far, that genuine truth
Eludes it's sensual grasp, which nothing holds

But

But monsters gender'd by rebellious pride!
'Tis wilful blindness, ignorance, that hates
Instruction's voice, and flies when she invites;
'Tis impudence, that dares with dauntless front
Th' Almighty to his face; questions his pow'r
To punish now; and now his faithfulness,
His promises, or threat'nings, to fulfil.

Thus satan's image all the human soul
Mark'd as conspicuous as Jehovah's once:
But satan's government he did not find
Like his Creator's, good as it was just
And gentle, mixing condescension sweet
With awful majesty, all his desires
With good sufficing ere to wants they rose.
Keen were, indeed, his appetites, and strong
His pining wishes, which in vain he sought
Beneath the stars to fill: for though no more
The heaven-dy'd robe of spotless purity
His naked soul adorn'd, yet was his mind
(Created God's own image to display)
In faculty too ample, in desire
Far too extensive, short of God to find
Full satisfaction or complete delight.

Hence

Hence (like a low-born slave, for rule unfit,
Who, seizing opportunity, usurps
A kingdom, and a lawless tyrant reigns)
The carnal appetite, next kin to brute,
Claim'd the dominion; and the tow'ring foul,
Man's noblest part, that represented God,
Fast fetter'd to the dust, became the slave,
The willing slave, of ev'ry base desire.

UNABLE to suffice, and all misplac'd,
The creatures now his lost affections share:
His lost affections—once the blissful seat
Of ev'ry heav'nly grace! where all that proves
The great Jehovah holy, just, and good,
Through the whole earth (his wide dominion then)
Reflecting ev'ry feature of his God,
Prov'd him a copy of his Maker's mind:
For when complete from his Creator's hand
In being and in bliss he first arose,
Deep on his heart, in all their purity
And vast extent, those precepts were engrav'd,
Which afterward from Sinai's awful mount,
In thunder utter'd, shook the stoutest hearts
In Israel's camp, and made e'en Moses quake.

God

God his benign Creator then he lov'd
With the full strength of all his faculties
United, and his neighbour as himself:
For well he knew that future seed from him
Should spring; and that their happiness or woe
On him depended. If obedience firm,
And strict observance of Jehovah's will,
Mark'd and adorn'd, and through his spotless mind
And life conspicuous shone, his unborn sons
And daughters could from him no ill derive.
And sure his children's good he must regard,
While yet he lov'd himself! but true self love,
With love to God, and love to future seed,
All to the winds he gave; and, by one act
Of black rebellion, from the seat supreme
Of his affections tore his Maker's throne,
Defac'd his lovely image from his mind;
And, ev'ry letter of his glorious name
Quite blotting from his being, left a blank
For justice to fill up.—This all his seed,
Which spread the wide world o'er from pole to
to pole,
Have sign'd and seal'd, each one with his own hand

His own name writing—"Enmity to God^e,
 "To sin and satan a devoted slave^f;"
 Not when at age, but by the earliest act
 That human nature, from the helpless state
 Of infancy immerging, could perform.

BEHOLD the peace which like a river flow'd,
 Pure as its fountain, from th' eternal throne,
 Through ev'ry pow'r of man's exalted soul
 Diffusing the tranquillity of heaven,
 Stem'd in its course serene by the rude hand
 And will rebellious of the man it blest!
 Thus did our fire, intrusted with the bliss
 Of all the millions of his race unborn,
 Dash the full bowl into its native sea,
 And roll a world in embryo with himself
 In burning sands of self-tormenting sin!

^e The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Rom. viii. 7.

^f There is none righteous, no not one: there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable, there is none that doeth good, no not one. Rom. iii. 10, 11, 12.

And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge. Rom. i. 28.

Whence,

Whence, as the fruit of this rebellious deed,
In every soul since then of woman born
(One soul excepted) sin despotic reigns
With an imperious, restless appetite,
Which, ever thirsting, never satisfied,
Sucks from forbidden fruit pernicious juice,
Which more inflames irregular desire,
And in desire irregular pursues
Objects unmeet, grown more impetuous
By the corrosive pang rebellion feels
When gall'd with disappointment's forked sting
Inverted on Investigation's eye.

Hence comes a wound incurable (one balm
Alone excepted, which Immanuel's heart
Shed freely on the cross); and in that wound,
Bred by the keen excruciating stings
Of self-accusing conscience, lives a worm,
Which, ever feeding on the root of peace,
Creates immortal anguish in the soul.
So living death with everlasting life
For ever gorges his unsatiate maw;
And sin makes immortality itself,
That noble gift of God, for which all heaven
Echoes with endless praise, the only curse

Essential

Essential to complete the pains of hell.
Such, and more awful, is the fruit of sin,
When sin its final recompense receives:
And such the pangs, though in degree not such,
The sons of Adam's shameful fall endure,
Who, posting, wearied with iniquity,
Down headlong to destruction, tread the laws
Of God and man alike beneath their feet;
Till, with a sudden level from the bow
Of rectitude in ambush, through the soul
Reflection's arrow, red from Sinai's flames,
Strikes deep conviction irresistible,
And, rank'ling there, an earnest leaves of hell.

So felt our fire when (stript of innocence
And cloth'd in his own shame) his Maker's voice
Through Eden's bow'r fell thund'ring on his ear.
"Adam, where art thou?" when Jehovah call'd;
"Where art thou, Adam?" echo'd through his soul.
His guilty soul shrunk from that gracious voice
Which once with rapture fill'd his list'ning pow'rs,
And swell'd his glowing heart with gratitude
That he was favour'd with intelligence
Sufficient that all-cheering sound to know.

But

But since the subtle serpent in his ear
Whisper'd "Transgress, and ye shall be as gods,
"Discerning good and evil;" evil known
To man, and lov'd, left in his heart no room
For good to enter. Oh, how chang'd that voice
That first pronounc'd "Increase and multiply,
"The earth replenish, and dominion take
"Over the subject world:" rather how chang'd
The ear, the heart, the state of wretched man!
Once like the Lord of heaven in rectitude,
And lord himself of the terrestrial globe.
For, when his purity and peace were gone,
And he no more delighted to obey,
The sceptre of dominion, ill sustain'd,
Fell from his feeble hand, and he no more
(That could not rule himself) could rule the world.

Go, sinner, count his loss and count thy own!
Ascend the summit of revealed truth,
And view, by retrospect from thence, how much
Thy Father squander'd both of his and thine.

God gave him only good, and gave him all
His mind, while yet in innocence, could wish.

C

What

What had he not that wisdom could desire?
What had he not that goodness could bestow;
Whether for social converse, mutual love,
Or dignity of station? Like himself
In bliss, and being perfectly complete,
A partner fair the kind Creator gave,
And promis'd, as the fruit of wedded love,
A num'rous race should spring through all the earth,
Their parents' name and likeness spreading wide;
And, by a grant from the same sov'reign hand,
He rul'd without a rival^g. At his call
The various creatures all submissive came,
And at his bidding went to do his will;
Whether the lively birds that wing the air,
The scaly fish that cut the briny wave,
Or beasts of various size and various form
That graz'd upon the beauteous landscape round.
A garden^h of delight with his own hand

^g And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. Gen. i. 28.

^h And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food: the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Gen. ii. 9.

The

The Lord of nature planted, and adorn'd
 His dwelling place with every pleasant tree,
 Which the new earth at his command brought forth
 In verdure primitive and genuine bloom;
 Such plants as grew with fruit and blossoms crown'd,
 Before the righteous curse denounc'd on sinⁱ
 Blasted the beauty of creation's robe,
 And overspread the ground with pricking thorns.
 Delicious fruits for food, or gladdening wine,
 In plenteous clusters on the branches hung;
 All which his sov'reign Lord permission gave
 Freely to pluck and eat. The tree of life,
 In vital bloom, with fruit immortal crown'd,
 Amidst the garden stood, not to his touch
 Or taste forbidden: freely ev'ry fruit^k
 That Paradise afforded they might eat,
 One tree alone excepted, which the means
 Of knowledge, dang'rous to the eater, bore:
 Knowledge of evil danger must attend,

ⁱ Curst is the ground for thy sake. Thorns also and thistle shall it bring forth unto thee. Gen. iii. 17. 18.

^k And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Gen. ii. 16, 17.

And good he knew before. All he could gain
By this unwise expedient was to know
What death and God's displeasure might include;
And this, alas! we all begin to learn
As we begin to live. Death stands between
Eternity and time, with open jaws,
On such a narrow bridge, that none can pass
But must become his prey; and God's just wrath
Marks with disease and sorrow ev'ry stage
Of human life from infancy to death.
But, oh! for ever to endure the frown
Of an incensed God, what must it be!
Yet this he then incurr'd: for, when his Lord
Gave him at once existence and domain,
His sov'reign will it was to make that tree
The test of his obedience to his law.
"Of this," Jehovah said, "ye shall not eat;
"Nor shall ye touch its fruit; for on what day
"Ye touch or eat it, dying ye shall die¹."

SILENCE express'd submission and content:
His Maker's voice was music to him then,

¹ So the Hebrew reads in the margin.

And

And to obey no task, but a delight.
Nor could he think the prohibition hard
Which only bid him nothing know but good,
When good was all his choice; for, till he fell,
His will, unfetter'd by Jehovah's law,
Was free to choose, and his superior mind
A perfect blaze of pure intelligence,
Not to his senses subject; but their lord
Wisdom possess'd sufficient every sense
Subordinate to keep, while he the end
Of his existence ever kept in view —
In all he did, and said, and felt, and thought,
His Maker's glory and the good of man.

HIS eye, the crystal window of his soul,
Which light convey'd to his indwelling pow'rs,
Survey'd not objects round him or above
Only to know, but in them to admire
The traces of omniscience, fresh cause
Of praise and adoration to explore;
And in each spiral blade, that help'd to weave
Fair Eden's carpet, could Jehovah's pow'r
And wisdom read, as plain as in the stars,
The night-illuming moon, or brighter sun,

Nature's grand treasurer! whose fruitful beams
Diffus'd through Paradise a constant spring;
And each aspiring blade, as from the ground
Its verdant head it rear'd, would point his mind
At once to its Creator. O how sweet
Th' enjoyment of the senses then! His willing ear,
If ever down the skies the heav'nly hosts,
On gracious errands sent, their Maker's praise
Sang in celestial strains, quick to his heart,
With rapture fill'd, convey'd the welcome sound,
And bad it echo in a sweet response
The grateful harmony. Such happiness
Attends obedience of Jehovah's will!
Obedience ever finds its own reward:
The mind that never stray'd from duty's path
Has always found it strew'd with heav'nly flow'rs;
Nor has its happiness been circumscrib'd
But by the bounds of its capacity^m.

How sweet the prospect figur'd on the eye
Of Paradise, with all its verdure crown'd!

^m Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Isa. xlviii. 18.

How exquisite the rich effluvia
Of nature's perfume, rising from the beds
Of flow'rs expanding to the dawning light
Their tinctur'd bosoms, or the blooming fruit
That shed full scent upon the ambient breeze,
Profusely grateful to the breath of man!
The early melody of various birds
Which fill'd the air with music, and awoke
The willing ear to an attentive pause,
And when the eye no mathematic tube
Needed, the mind no philosophic page!
How pleasant contemplation on the worlds
Of light that round creation's centre roll,
Or grace creation's border in fix'd orbs,
At sight of which his pious soul might feel
A gust of joy, while round him he beheld
Jehovah's name in lines indelible
Written through all the boundless tracts of space;
When each of these could plume devotion's wing,
And send the thoughts aloft in gratitude
To him who planted Eden's blissful bow'r,
Who all those sweets in such profusion shed;
And all those lucid globes from nothing call'd,
Which seem (at distance so immense from us)

To spangle o'er the sable vest of night ;
When gratitude a double relish gave
To things good in themselves : and when to rule
Was not to man more sweet than to obey!

But the sweet prospect figur'd on the eye,
The exquisitely rich effluvia
Of nature's perfume rising from the beds
Of flow'rs, expanding to the dawning light
Their tinctur'd bosoms, or the bloom of fruit
That shed full scent upon the ambient breeze ;
The early melody of various birds,
Or higher contemplation on the worlds
Of light that round creation's centre roll,
Or grace creation's border in fixt orbs,
At sight of which his soul before might feel
A gust of joy, while in them he beheld
His Maker's name in lines indelible;
No more with holy transport or delight
Could fill the mind of man, when once his hand
Rebellious dar'd to break the bounds prescrib'd
By his kind Lord, and pluck forbidden fruit!
As an impetuous flood, whose banks give way
To the vast weight of its stupendous waves,
Deluges

Deluges sudden the surrounding plains,
And lays all waste before it: so the fruit
Forbidden, rapid as its dang'rous taste,
Found through his vitiated palate way,
Tainted with deep pollution (never more
To be expung'd but by almighty pow'r)
The human mind: and sin's attendant, guilt,
Rushing resistless through his weak'ning pow'rs,
Shot keen remorse (unlike the gen'rous pain
Of penitence when overcome by love)
Into his trembling heart; till at his eyes,
Now op'ning wide, it flush'd, and he beheld
His nakednessⁿ with kindling shame, till then
A stranger to the human breast. Down fell
The threaten'd curse on our rebellious head,
And his rebellious offspring, then unborn,
Sunk in him^o to the gloomy gates of hell.

THEN first the king of terrors shook his dart
O'er human nature, doom'd his future prey,

ⁿ And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked. Gen. iii. 7.

^o Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Rom. v. 12.

When

When the Almighty Judge of heaven and earth
Said, "Dust thou art, and shalt to dust return ^P:"
And satan's heart exulted (if his heart,
Where dwells despair gnashing his iron teeth,
Has room for exultation) when he saw
Jehovah's noblest work on earth destroy'd,
And human dignity in ruins laid
By his infernal plot. Perhaps he thought,
God's ancient purpose frustrate, all the fruit
Of his high council in creating man
Abortive render'd, and this embryo world
His own dominion, where to range at large,
And glut his malice on the misery
Of the whole human race. Not such the thought
Immutable of Him who sits enthron'd
In majesty remote from human eye,
And from infernal ken; he sees at once
With equal ease, and undisturb'd, alike
The motive that inspires a cherub's breast
With pure devotion, love, and gratitude,
Prostrate before him; and the dark design
Rebellion hatches in the subtle brain
Of him who reigns (if reign it may be call'd

^P Gen. iii. 19.

T' exceed

T' exceed in misery) in hell's black realms,
While yet in envy kindling round his heart
Long ere it burst to a malicious blaze,
Or ere his subjects of th' infernal den
Catch its contagious flames. All that was done
He saw; nor could the deepest plot of hell,
Though pregnant with destruction to the wretch
Who dar'd against his Maker lift his hand,
Ruffle th' eternal calm that on his mind
Sits, as the pillars of his throne, secure
From that which men call chance or accident,
(Which, but for ignorance, would lose the name.)
His purposes no cross events can thwart;
For all events revolve and re-revolve,
His counsels to fulfil: whether in hell
By malice hatch'd, on earth by tyranny,
Or by th' obedient angels of his pow'r
In love perform'd; his servants or his slaves
Are all the armies that exult in heav'n,
Sojourn on earth, or shake their chains in hell.

HIGH in the heav'ns th' eternal Sov'reign sat,
With all his plan of justice, love, and grace,
At once before his eye. Man's shameful fall

He

He mark'd ; and heard the voice of rectitude,
That call'd for vengeance on the rebel's head—
He heard, and own'd the justice of the claim.
But, casting back a retrospective glance
On his eternal counsels, in the book
Of his decrees unalterable, the names
Of millions of the human race he saw,
Chosen by sov'reign love, to be redeem'd
And call'd, and purify'd, and set apart
To magnify on earth his holy name,
Till he to glory should receive them up,
To be for ever with and like himself.
So let me speak with rev'rence ; though he needs
No means like these his thought immense to aid ;
Eternity's his throne, his footstool time ;
The end from the beginning is with him,
And that which is to be he sees as done.
Yet, conscious he's incomprehensible
In his own essence to a creature mind,
Oft in the volume of his written will
He condescends his majesty to veil
In humble metaphor^a, that man may learn,

^a I have also spoken by the prophets, and I have multiplied
visions, and used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets.
Hosea, xii. 10.

Though

Though not completely, justly to conceive
What his Creator is by what he does.
How much he teaches other minds, by things
To them intelligent, is to himself
Best known, and with him best: enough for us
It is to know what to ourselves relates.
Their names he read in everlasting lines
Of sov'reign love, deep on his heart engrav'd,
And written on the palms of both his hands
In living characters; from which his eye
He turns not once, in all the various scenes
Of joy and sorrow, soul expanding-hope,
And heart-depressing fear, sickness and health,
Through which on earth he causes them to pass;
But still remembers, they are ev'ry one,
Before the morning stars together sang,
Or yet angelic harp was heard in heav'n,
“ Predestinated^s from eternity
“ To be to all eternity conform'd

^r O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. Isa. xliv. 21.

^s For whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son. Moreover, whom he did predestinate them he also called, and whom he called them he also justified, and whom he justified them he also glorified. Rom. viii. 29, 30.

“ To

“ To the bright image of his equal Son :”
(Which many a happy faint since then has seen
Clear as a sunbeam in the sacred page,
With holy love and admiration fill’d,
With eyes fast flowing, and a melting heart.)
All these of his own will ^t, not their desert,
Were to himself united close by love
Immutable ; all these, but not all men.
And though by sin his image from the hearts
Of his elect was every feature lost,
And those he lov’d were plung’d as deep in guilt
As others were, with whom alike they fell ;
And though as strong propensity they feel
As others to infringe the holy law
Which was from God’s own heart on Sinai’s mount
By his own hand transcrib’d, that man might see
In that bright mirror his deformity,
How deep his guilt, how sunk, how lost his mind,
How opposite his wishes and desires
To that pure rule of conduct, under ^u which,
Created first by sov’reign rectitude,

^t Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth. Jam. i. 18.

^u God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law. Gal. iv. 4, 5.

He still a sentenc'd criminal^v remains,
Doom'd to endure the quenchless flames of hell,
And how impossible it is t' escape,
Unless by grace omnipotent restor'd.
That sov'reign grace^w the second Adam brings,
His likeness to renew in ev'ry soul
By him elected from the fallen world,
Jehovah's own eternal equal Son,
Pure as his Father, and with him alike
Almighty to create or to destroy;
He who from nothing call'd forth heav'n and earth,
From whom ev'n hell itself has leave to be,
And satan to deceive uninfluenc'd,
Save by his own free love, gratuitous,
In^x counsel with his father (whose great name
Should thus appear more glorious to the eyes
Of ransom'd faints, and pure angelic hosts
That never fell) took freely on himself
Their restoration from the chains of sin,
The tyranny of satan; and, still more,

^v But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. John iii. 18.

^w Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.

^x The counsel of peace shall be between them both. Zech. vi. 13.

The righteous curse of God's most holy law!
And that he might by his own arm redeem,
And bear in his own heart^y the punishment
His people merited, he (in due time)
Determin'd human nature to assume,
Though the Creator of the human race;
And in that nature wherein man infring'd
His righteous precept, as the fed'ral Head
And second Adam of his chosen seed,
To magnify the honours of his law
By an obedient life of rectitude!
And, O mysterious love! himself to drink
The bitter dregs of his dread Father's wrath,
And sheath the sword^z which claim'd his people's
blood
In his own bowels; as a criminal
Enduring all the vengeance of the curse
(Human infirmity by strength divine
Meanwhile sustaining) under which their souls

^y Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.
¹ Pet. ii. 24.

^z Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man
that is my fellow, saith Jehovah of hosts; smite the shepherd, &c.
Zech. xiii. 7.

Had

Had else been buried in eternal woe.

Thus^a Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness, with
Peace,

Together met in council, form'd the plan
Which honours God, and sets the sinner free.

THIS was, in terms ambiguous, reveal'd,
When on the serpent, first in sin, the Lord
This curse denounc'd, "her seed shall bruise thy
head.^b"

The precious promise, in a threat'ning wrapt,
Gave man a ray of hope, and crush'd the scheme
Of satan, who that crooked form assum'd
Our parents to deceive: the woman's seed,
Not man's, was promis'd, to destroy the pow'r
Infernal, under which the human race
Lay in hard bondage, and of woman born^c.
God in our nature is that promis'd seed,
Which bruise'd the serpent's head, and still will bruise,

^a Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Pf. lxxxv. 10.

^b Gen. iii. 5.

^c Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us. Mat. i. 23.

Till hell beneath his footstool lies subdu'd,
And earth acknowledges his righteous reign.

THIS is the Man whose praise I sing; the God
Whose dreadful glories, and whose mercies mild,
As in th' exalted man they meet and shine,
The muse attempts to lisp. This is the Lord,
Whose presence fills the throne of bliss, and claims
Obedience from surrounding seraphim.

This is the Judge, whose frown, where it is felt,
Creates a hell of terror in the soul.

The All-sufficient, whose effulgent smiles
Make heav'n itself complete, while through the man
Th' eternal Godhead darts his awful beams,
Till o'er their faces their ambrosial wings
Archangels spread, unable to behold
The blaze of his perfections, as they meet
In the redemption of mankind by man!

This is the Sun of Righteousness^d, whose light
Throws into shades the blazing orb of day;

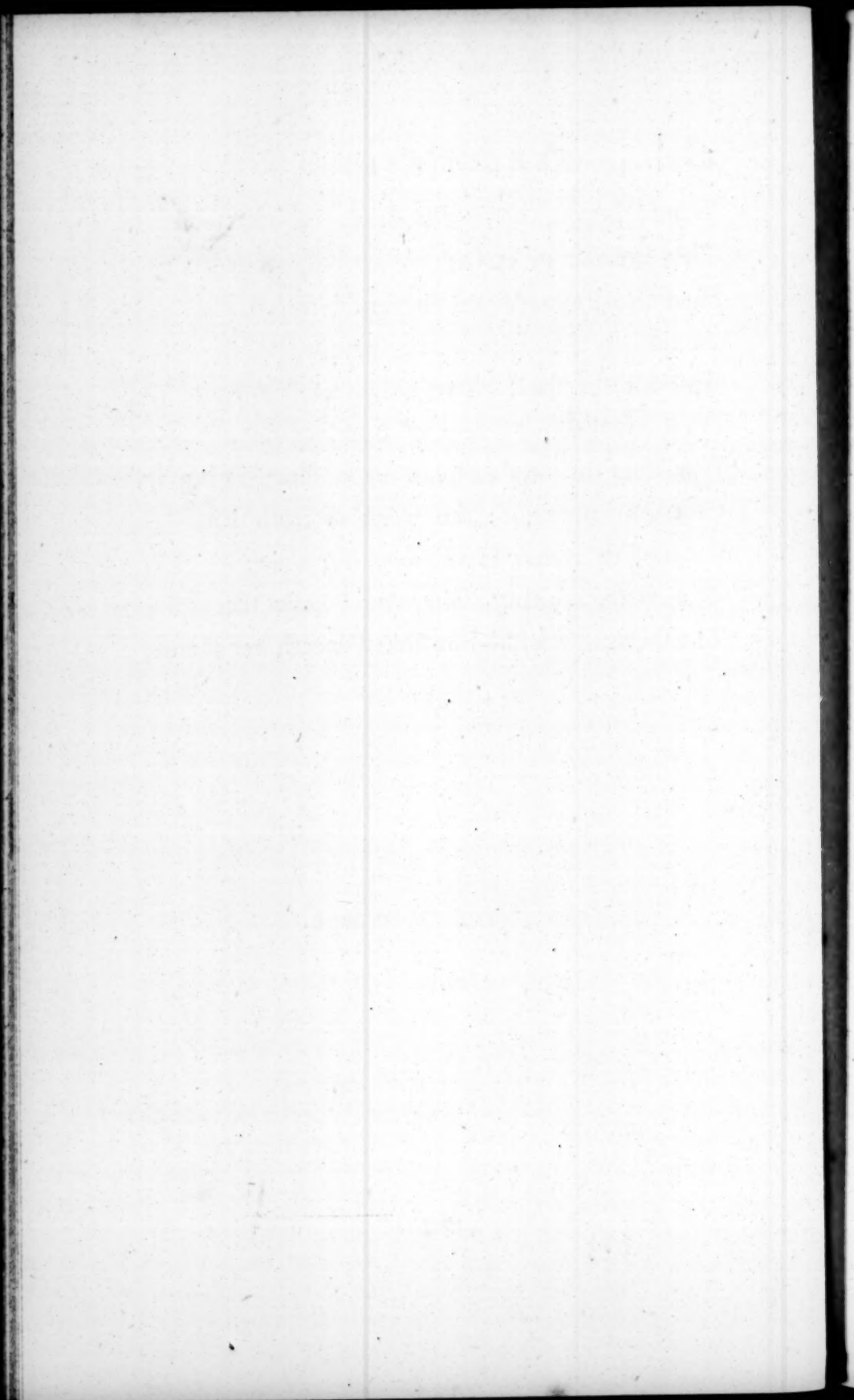
^d But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness
arise with healing in his wings. Mal. iv. 2

The day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to
them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; to guide our
feet into the way of peace. Luke i. 78, 79.

Whose

Whose beams convey the means of life to all
That breathe on earth; for his auspicious beams
Shed life immortal on immortal minds,
Annihilate the shades of ignorance,
And fill the soul, where only darkness dwelt,
With everlasting beams of heav'nly day.
Nor does the muse, upborne on fancy's wing,
Of truth lose sight: the word of truth itself
Echoes, or rather is th' unerring voice
The muse, aspiring, fain would echo through
The list'ning world—but sinks beneath her theme.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



R E D E M P T I O N.

B O O K II.

D₃

A R G U M E N T.

Address to sinners by way of warning and invitation.—

Address to saints by way of congratulation.—Their attention to the subject requested.—A brief view of the perfections of God as peculiarly glorified in the sufferings of Christ, more than in the condemnation of the wicked.—Man reproved for his indifference about this great Redeemer.—The obedience of angels considered in contrast with the disobedience of man to the commands of God.—God's invitation to lost sinners to return to the ways of wisdom, both in the Old and New Testaments, with their wilful and rebellious rejection of both considered as proceeding from the love of sin.—Reflexions on the insufficiency of philosophy and morality to direct a fallen sinner back to God.

R E D E M P T I O N.

B O O K I I.

SINNER, fast flying to eternity,
Without one ray of well-plac'd hope to cheer
Thy passage through the gloomy vale of death,
Stand still, and learn Emmanuel's pow'r to save^a!
Incline thine ear to that celestial voice,
Which, when it calls in mercy, speaks a heav'n
Of solid bliss into a hell-bound soul!
Hark! from the sacred word the Lord proclaims,
Whoever will^b, for life may freely come;—

^a He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. vii. 25.

^b And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. xxii. 17.

Christ bled for sinners, and his open wounds
Have yet for sinners room! Who knows but thou,
However vile, may'st in his bosom see,
In mystic lines of love, thy name engrav'd,
And round his throne the ransom'd armies join
To sing that love in everlasting strains!

SAINTS, in whose glowing hearts a vital spark
Of love divine (like that pure flame which burns
In minds angelic round Jehovah's throne),
By God's own Spirit kindled, threatens sin
With death eternal, and eternal life
On earth in its celestial dawn displays—
You I congratulate with heart and pen,
And dedicate to you my feeble song;
Not to such strains when we in heav'n arrive
Shall you attend, or I your ear invite,
When our Redeemer's beauties in full blaze^c
Call our attention, and our praises claim.
Sweet accents there, without a jarring sound,
Shall ev'ry tongue employ, and ev'ry heart
Be filled with rivers of unknown delight,

^c We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. 1 John, iv. 16.

When

When love^d is our unbounded element,
And we the heights of perfect being prove.
There full REDEMPTION, finished by the hand
Of him who first^e the mighty work began,
The dreadful sufferings, and the bliss supreme,
Of him who bought the church with his own blood^f,
In brighter volumes shall our minds employ;
When the Redeemer his own grace displays,
And shews the fulness of Almighty love !
Yet, while you travel through the thorny maze
Of this wide wilderness, where noxious weeds
Round the fair plants of grace like serpents twine,
While sin-sprung sorrows holy joys impede,
And bitter tears of sharp remorse bedew

^d God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. 1 John, iv. 16.

^e He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. Heb. v. 9.

Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God. Heb. xii. 2.—For ye are bought with a price, 1 Cor. vi. 20.—These were bought from among men, Rev. xiv. 4.—Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, &c. but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot, 1 Peter i. 18, 19.

^f The church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood, Acts xx. 28.

The

The shining path, which, crimson'd o'er with blood,
To heav'n's fair portals leads your sin-sick souls;
Attend the story of your first remove
From satan's empire to Emmanuel's land.

WHEN great Jehovah's voice, omnipotent,
From nothing call'd creation, 'twas an act
Of wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, which display'd
His own perfections to those happy minds
To whom the use and benefit he gave
Of all created good; whether to man,
That earth inhabits; or the nobler quires
Of pure intelligence around his throne,
Whose minds are fed with knowledge, and their
hearts

Warm'd with created love, though satisfied
With nothing less than love immutable;
And these through all their orders gave him thanks,
And sang him worthy of immortal praise
For their existence, station, and employ.
But, when to ruin'd man he would restore
More than primæval rectitude and bliss,
And from the bosom of eternal love

Gave

Gave up his only^s and his equal Son^h,
To serve and suffer in the sinner's stead,
Justice and Mercy, Goodness, Truth, and Love,
All in their brightest blaze and deepest hue,
Met in one pure embrace, when the rich blood—
Rich in divinity, in freeness rich!—
Like rivers gush'd from Jesus' flowing veins!
Did ever Justice on her brow a frown
Wear so majestic; or a heart so firm
Display, to punish with impartial hand
Sin where she found it; as when through the soul
Of man's Redeemer her severest shafts
Of agony, in vengeance dipt, she shot,
Nor staid her hand, till ev'ry vital stream
Was dry, and life before her dreadful face
Fled from its sinless dwelling, while deep floods
Of fury infinite, in wrath let loose,

^s God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.

^h Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. ii. 5, 6, 7, 8.

Delug'd

Delug'd his suff'ring foul, and rais'd a storm
Of jarring attributes in his calm breast,
Which only full atonement could allay?
Did ever Mercyⁱ so divinely shine
As when she sat upon the reeking point
Of (awful Justice!) thy two-edged sword,
And smil'd in crimson robes? Did ever Truth
So fair appear as when she told the Lord
Of life and glory he behov'd to die^k,
Because she found him in the sinner's place,
And read the sinner's name upon his heart?
Was ever Goodness so benign display'd
As when, to save an intellectual world
From hell's dark realms, the Prince of Intellect
Took hell into his bosom, and with blood
Quench'd its devouring flames, through his own
heart
Thus op'ning an amazing avenue
For beings numberless to pass from death,
That knows no grave but endless misery,
To life immortal, and immortal bliss!

ⁱ Mercy rejoiceth (or glorieth) against judgment. James ii. 13.

^k He (i.e. God) spared not his own Son, but delivered him up.
Rom. viii. 32.

Did ever Love, eternally immense,
To such mysterious depths descend before,
Or rise to such unbounded heights, as when
Emmanuel's heart enclos'd it on the cross,
And let it forth in seas of pardon thence,
That sink beneath the deepest caves of death,
And rise beyond the everlasting hills;
Drowning the sins¹, and purging all the stains,
However deep, of his espoused bride?
His bride—to him so dear, that for her sake
He left the glories of his Father's court,
(Though on the throne of bliss in regal state
He sat supreme^m, and sway'd without control
The sceptre of his own unbounded realms)
And veil'd his native dignity beneath
An humble roof of animated clay,
Made of a woman, under the same law
Whose precepts his beloved had infring'd,
Assuming both her nature and her state,
To make himself a perfect substitute,

¹ In those days, and at that time, saith Jehovah, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none, and the sin, of Judah, and they shall not be found. Jer. l. 20.

^m Which is the head of all principality and power. Col. ii. 10.

And

And thus in his own body on the tree,
And through the pow'rs of his exalted soul,
Bearing her vile indignity and shame,
With all the horrors of her pond'rous guilt,
Fear and amazement, terror and dismay,
In their most dreadful forms and keenest pangs,
Till to the utmost mite her debt was paid,
And Justice could no more demand; no more
The strictest charge of rectitude require!
Did ever Holiness so pure appear,
Or rays so bright dart from Jehovah's law,
As when, its sullied honours to restore
To their prime beauty, God in human flesh
Walk'd up and down Judea, and obey'd
Its purest precepts, casting o'er them all
A brighter hue than they possess before!
Did ever Lightⁿ, so glorious from its source,
Break on the orders of intelligence
That heav'n inhabit, dazzling e'en the eyes

ⁿ I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness. John xii. 46.—In him was life, and the life was the light of men. John i. 4.—That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. John i. 9.

Of the strong seraphim ! Did ever morn
Dawn so propitious on the mind of man,
As when the Sun of Righteousness in blood
Sacrificing'd his uncreated beams,
From the vast chaos of his sufferings rose,
And everlasting light, through heaven and earth,
Diffus'd in one full blaze of endless day !
Here all the attributes together meet,
As an assemblage of unclouded suns,
Each on the others shining. Angels here,
With holy wonder struck, and fill'd with awe,
Gaze and admire, to read their Maker's name
In living characters, where ev'ry line,
Dropt from the pen of truth, in glory dipt,
As a celestial mirror on the rest
Reflects eternal beauty ! Ev'ry flame
Of wrath divine, that blazes through the gulf
Where dwell th' infernal legions, speaks the pow'r,
The purity, and righteousness, of God ;
And ev'ry soul-excruciating pang
The conscious myriads in that fiery lake, .
From hope shut out, incessantly endure,
Tells them that Justice, and not Sov'reignty,
Their punishment inflicts. There's not a tongue

Through all their hosts, though red with quench-
less flames,

But must confess (could truth be found in hell)
Th' unfulfilled honours of its righteous Judge.

Hell, through her deepest gloom, reflects a blaze
Of awful glory on Jehovah's name !

But, in the sufferings of Emmanuel,

Vengeance appears more awfully severe,

The righteous vengeance of an injur'd law,

Than in the quenchless torments of the damn'd.

Never did angels in their Maker's name

Such depths of purity and love perceive,

Since first the honours of his name they sang,

As when the crimson letters from his heart,

On Calvary transcrib'd, they saw it shine

Through universal darkness°, in itself

So glorious, that no other light could help

To render it conspicuous but its own,

Or when it shines, as then, in all the strength

Of its self-kindled, self-supported rays,

No other light is worthy to appear.

Who can describe the thoughts angelic minds

• And there was darkness over all the earth. Luke xxiii. 24.

Conceiv'd, while gazing on the awful scene!
Or what expressive notes their golden harps
Through heaven resounded? if their harps they
touch'd

While on the cross their Sov'reign they beheld
Hung up in shame betwixt the earth and skies,
As if too good were either for his home.
They could not weep, because no sorrow dwells
In unpolled minds; and could they shout
With all the rapture of unclouded bliss,
Regardless what was doing here below?
Let him reply who thought himself, no doubt,
Honour'd to cheer in sad Gethsemane?
The manhood of his agonizing Lord.

WHOSE heart's affected with a Saviour's love,
Among the fallen race for which he bled,
So much as with a tragic scene display'd
For entertainment of the public eye?
Whose heart, among the men that need his blood
To save them from the guilt and curse of sin,
Feels grateful as an angel's at the sound
Of full and free salvation by him wrought?

And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him. Luke xxii. 43.

E

Blush,

Blush, human nature! blush, if in thy heart,
So deep deprav'd, enough of rectitude
Remain, a blush upon thy cheek to raise,
From ev'ry eye remote, but from thy own,
And his which searches where thy own is blind.
Blush, human nature! angels bid thee blush!
Angels rejoice in man's deliverer,
And to the song of his redemption shout
Th' approving chorus of their loud amen!
They love thy Lord's commanding voice, and fly
More ready to convey than thou to hear
The tidings of salvation when convey'd.
Needs this more proof? Celestial truth, unfold
Thy sacred volume; thence instruct the muse,
By thee assisted still, to shew how laps'd
The state of man—by how far short he falls
Of such obedience as angelic minds,
Who never trespass'd, constantly display
In their attention to the will supreme
Of him who claims obedience from them both.

God speaks in heav'n: praise pauses on the wing;
Gabriel, his hand from the resounding gold
Withholding, silent waits his Sov'reign's will,

While each bright cherub round th' eternal throne
The ready wing expands; in ev'ry eye
Humble interrogation waits to learn
What an obedient creature may perform
To serve creating love. No law they need
But the divine command :—" Go, happy minds,"
The condescending self-existent faith,
" Who never sinn'd, to sinful man proclaim
" The joyful tidings of a Saviour's birth!"
Wide open fly the golden-hinged gates;
And sudden down th' expanse the willing choirs,
With swiftness inconceivable to man,
Dart through the trackless air. Heaven far behind
They leave; nor on their bright abode look back,
Nor stop to gaze upon the starry globes
By which they pass; more forward to obey
Than to admire. Soon through the nether skies
The bright archangel, swifter than the rest,
As them in native strength excelling, pours
A flood of heav'nly glory down to earth.
Back fly the sunbeams into eastern shades
Before the rays of this celestial star;
And sinful man^a, a stranger to such light,

^a And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night; and lo, the angel

Shakes at the grand appearance, till a voice,
Big with encouragement, and fraught with love,
Dropp'd from angelic lips in sounds to him
Familiar; "Fear not, for behold, I bring
" Glad tidings of a Saviour born to you,
" A Saviour, which is Christ th' anointed Lord!"
Thus he, obedient to Jehovah's charge,
And to mankind good-will evincing, spake;
And suddenly^r the heav'nly multitude
That with him left their stations round the throne,
Descending in celestial robes of light,
Spread their broad glories round him. (Such a scene
Grac'd not again these skies till, over death
And sin triumphant, their ascending Lord,
Amidst the shouts of myriads of their hosts,
Pass'd to his Father's throne, where now he sits).
"Glory to God," they sang, "who dwells on high
" In uncreated Majesty array'd;

of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke ii. 8, 9, 10, 11.

^r And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. Luke ii. 13, 14.

"Peace

" Peace and good-will to highly-favour'd man
 " Henceforth in everlasting rivers flow!"
 Their work perform'd, back to their native home
 They speed their way, and, at their Sov'reign's feet
 Low bending, shout the wonders of his love
 To fallen man (who never seeks that love
 Till by that love constrained). Each golden harp,
 Beneath the finger of angelic skill,
 Sounds loud; and every tongue as loud resounds
 Immortal hallelujahs to the God
 Who condescends his Majesty to veil
 In mortal flesh, to ransom helpless man!
 Again they pause with wonder—and again
 Shout Hallelujah, while Amen from all
 Crowns the triumphant song with harmony;
 'Till rapture, rev'rence, wonder, love, and praise,
 With high responses fill the court of heaven!

AGAIN the heavenly hosts a charge * receive,
 While deep attention sits on every ear;
 " Behold on yonder globe, expos'd to all
 " The dangers that await the sons of men,

* He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy
 ways. Psal. xci. 11.

“ My First Elect, in whom my soul delights,
“ An helpless infant in his mother’s arms!
“ Go, watch him from the manger to the cross;
“ Keep him in all his ways, and in your hands
“ Uphold him, lest at any time his foot
“ He dash against a stone, or be devour’d
“ Of beasts that range the wilderness for prey.”
Cheerful they leave again the realms of light,
And on the wings of swift obedience down
To earth descend—nor quit their precious charge
One moment, till, a conqueror array’d
In martial honours, they attend him back,
Thro’ shouting armies, to his seat supreme
At the right-hand of Majesty on high.

God speaks in heaven—“ Let princes, thrones,
“ and pow’rs,
“ Angels, archangels, mighty seraphim,
“ And all the orders of intelligence
“ That on my fulness live, and do my will,
“ Worship, as me, so my co-equal Son^t.”
Down

^t And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world,
he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him. Heb. i. 6.
That

Down at his feet their radiant diadems
 They cast, submissive bending from their thrones;
 And hail him, Lord of *all his hands have made* ^u.
 Nor does the manhood (once beneath a tomb
 By Death's strong bars confin'd) offend the eye
 Of those bright worshippers;—while bending low
 On Adoration's wings, upward they gaze
 With reverence deep, and in the ascended Son
 The fulness ^{*} of the Father's pow'r perceive;
 And feel the rays of Majesty immense
 Beam thro' their potent minds, and overwhelm
 Their ample pow'rs with glories underiv'd.
 Mysterious union! how unsearchable!
 Jesus the man, Jehovah the supreme,
 Inseparably ONE! Yes, 'tis a truth
 Seen, felt, acknowledg'd, gloried in heav'n,

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Phil. ii. 10, 11.

^u For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him; and he is before all things and by him all things consist. Col. i. 16, 17.

^{*} For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Col. ii. 9.

Though earth and hell attempt to prove it false.
Here lies the deep which angels cannot sound;
The mystery ^γ, which shall the minds employ
Of men deliver'd from the curse of sin,
And angels never in that curse involv'd;
While everlasting it's eternal round
Pursues without approaching tow'rds an end.
Here Rapture, with the wings of rev'rence, veils,
Her heav'n-illumin'd face, fix'd in amaze,
For ever fix'd without a wand'ring thought!
Which of the hosts angelic felt his heart
With secret envy swell when through the skies
Jehovah Jesus, at his chariot wheels,
Captivity led captive, and expos'd
Sin, Death, and Hell, to never-ceasing shame?
Speak, Satan! for thy malice first had spread
The diabolic news thro' earth and hell
Had such a thought enter'd seraphic mind,
While thou didst bite, with impious rage and shame,
Thy adamantine chains, to see the Man,

^γ 1 Tim. iii. 16. And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

Who

Who fought and conquer'd thee with all thy host,
Ascend in triumph to his Father's side.
Angels, that never broke Jehovah's law,
Humbly adore where comprehension fails,
And wait their Maker's time his will to know;
But Man, that lies a sentenc'd criminal,
Justly condemn'd by an impartial Judge,
And waits the common executioner
To plunge him into everlasting flames
(If sovereign Mercy step not forth to save),
Replete with wilful ignorance, and pride,
Its sure attendant, arrogantly claims
Knowledge of things incomprehensible
To angel minds, and looks to be inform'd
How God intends to work his sov'reign Will!

God speaks on earth—(and earth as much
depends

Upon the pow'r of his almighty hand,
And owes as strict obedience to his will,
As angels who his precepts never broke;
For though rebellious man his Maker's law
Has broken, and at once his will and pow'r

That

That law to honour with obedience meet
Has long since barter'd, God his ancient right,
Perfect obedience to his righteous law
From man to claim, has never laid aside)—
From heav'n to earth he speaks by Wisdom's voice^z:
“ To you, O sons of fallen man, I call!
“ Hear ye my friendly voice, and learn of me
“ The way ye 've so long lost; the way that leads
“ From death, to which ye hasten, to the realms
“ Of life and love, from which so fast ye fly;
“ Instruction of more worth than shining gems,
“ Or massy wedges of the purest gold,
“ I to the simple freely will impart.
“ Truth, as the dropping of the honeycomb,
“ Delightful to the palate of the mind,
“ The ear to hear made willing, from my lips

^z Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice?
She standeth in the top of high places by the way, in the places of
the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the
coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call! and my voice is
to the sons of men. O ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools,
be of an understanding heart. Hear, for I will speak of excellent
[princely] things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.
Receive my instruction and not silver, and knowledge rather than
choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things
that may be desired are not to be compared to it. Prov. viii. 1, 2,
3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11.

“ Falls

“ Falls in celestial showers; enriching more
“ The soul that feels it's heav'nly influence
“ Than rubies or the precious diamond,
“ The diadem of kings. Honour, with me,
“ And riches ^a durable, and sweet delights,
“ Unfading, incorruptible, and pure,
“ Existed long before the morning stars
“ Together sang; and all the sons of God
“ Shouted for joy to see this new-made world
“ From chaos into beauteous order spring
“ At my life-giving word. To him that thirsts,
“ Water of life I give, such as in heav'n
“ Cherubic legions drink, and feel their hearts
“ Bound with delight—To him that hungers,
 bread ^b
“ That angels feed upon; deriving thence
“ Immortal vigour and immortal bloom.
“ Come, dwell with me, for I have built an house ^c

^a Riches and honours are with me, yea durable riches and righteousness; my fruit is better than gold, yea than fine gold, and my revenue than choice silver. Prov. viii. 18, 19.

^b Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Prov. ix. 5.

^c Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars. Prov. ix. 1.

“ On

“ On pillars hewn by strength omnipotent
“ From the firm rock of ages; strong to save
“ It's tenants from the threat'ning storms above,
“ And rolling floods that deluge all beneath.
“ Protection durable, and rich supply
“ That knows no fear of want, my house affords
“ To him that wisely an asylum seeks
“ From Tophet's burning pit, and Sinai's flames,
“ Which give it sev'nfold heat: but he that scorns
“ Life as my gift, a willing prey to death^a
“ Shall fall unpitied, and unpardon'd die!”

THUS Wisdom spake of old; but now more plain,
Since uncreated Wisdom, clad in flesh,
On earth residing, made from heav'n a way
For love divine, without a Jewish veil,
Her native beauties to display to man.
“ Lo, on salvation's wings,” Jehovah says,
“ I send my equal, my beloved Son,
“ Almighty to redeem, and strong to save,
“ Whoever trusts the riches of his grace!

^a He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death. Prov. viii. 36.

“ Let

“ Let men, enslav’d by Satan and by Sin,
“ To him for full and free redemption fly;
“ And though for depth their sins^e exceed the stain
“ Of new-shed crimson on the murd’rer’s knife,
“ And though in number they exceed the stars
“ That roll above the azure firmament,
“ Yet shall their mind surpass in purity
“ The virgin-snows that from the skies descend,
“ And equal that of angels round my throne;
“ And of the countless number of their crimes
“ Not one for condemnation shall appear
“ When I descend to judge the quick and dead.
“ But let not feeble man attempt to weave
“ A righteousness himself, wherein to stand
“ Just before me, who cannot look on sin!
“ As well may fable Ethiopians^f bathe,
“ In lucid streams, their jetty limbs to change
“ From native blackness into genuine white,
“ Or leopards from their garments lick the spots,

^e Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. *If. i. 18.*

^f Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil. *Jer. xiii. 23.*

“ As

“ As man attempt himself to justify,
“ Or seek acceptance at my awful bar,
“ But through the mediation of my Son.”

AND what reception meets the gracious news
From the insolvent debtor thus address'd?
Tell it not, Muse, where fallen cherubs howl;
Lest Satan boast a virtue more than man.
They never sent sweet Mercy's herald back,
With bold defiance to the God of grace,
For publishing salvation in their ears!
Man only flights the hand that loves to save,
And never punishes but when it must^ε.
Bright Wisdom calls in vain; in vain the God
That gave attentive pow'rs attention claims;
Such hatred in the sons of Adam dwells,
Since Adam's awful fall, to God himself,
And to the pure delights of holiness!
If Justice frown, he rather flies than sues;
If Mercy smile, with a self-righteous scoff
He bids her smile on them that need her aid,

^ε Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Pet. iii. 9.

E'en Folly's wild enchantments please him more
Than Wisdom's solid joys: his rocky heart,
Obdurate render'd by the love of sin
So long indulg'd, refuses to be charm'd!
Though heav'nly eloquence persuasions use,
Impregnable his stubborn will remains;
And he no Lord acknowledges but sin:
Deaf even to the voice of him who spake
As never yet spake man beside himself!
When Christ invites his easy yoke to wear,
And shews himself the way to endless rest,
Their answer is—We^h will not have this Man
To govern us, nor will we trust his grace;
In our own righteousness we'll stand or fall.—
Thus man, too guilty to be justified
On his own terms, too proud to stoop to God's,
Rushes through life—till in the jaws of death
He finds himself fast lock'd; then he perceives,
Too late, his trust his condemnation proves.
When awful Justice, with an outstretch'd hand,
And flaming sword uplifted o'er his head,

^h But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us. Luke xix. 14.

Cries "Pay me that thou owest"—back from
her frown,

Affrighted, shrinks the wretched criminal!

Guilt in his conscience rages, in his heart

Dismay and terror; destitute of will

The law of God to love, and void of pow'r

To answer it's demand, hell in his soul

Already kindling into quenchless flames,

For mercy now as much in vain he cries

As slighted Mercy once invited him!

Not that he longs for heav'n, or could in heav'n

Dwell, might he enter freely; holiness

In those about him would be hell to him,

Though heav'n were all around: but who can bear

The dreadful fire of God's devouring wrath?

Who can to everlasting burnings¹ go,

And not at entrance tremble? Who could launch

On seas of liquid fire, without a shore

For Hope to anchor on, and not his foot

Draw back from the black vessel of despair,

When wrath divine begins to swell the sails?

¹ The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? *Is. xxxiii. 44.*

BUT

BUT are there none among the sons of men
Blest with perception keen enough to pierce
The labyrinths of sin, in which themselves,
With all the race of Adam, are involv'd?
The well instructed philosophic minds,
That scale the heav'ns and measure the expanse
In which the starry worlds above us roll;
That learn the times and seasons of those orbs,
And teach their influence on the states of men;
The men of moral life, who seldom start
From rules themselves and ancestors have made
Whereby to walk, with cautions written down
To warn their progeny from paths of vice:
The men that shun the public ways of sin,
And sit from morn to eve in study stor'd
With well selected volumes, all arrang'd;
Where Plato, Seneca, and Plutarch, shine;
And almost-worshipp'd Socrates appears,
Of Moral Virtue's sons the morning star
That leads the rest, and soars beyond them all:
Can these, whom well reputed Reason calls
Her favourites, and crowns them when they die
With laurel wreaths that live from age to age,
And tell the world, with verdure ever green,

What rich rewards the queen of students, Fame,
Bestows on them who worship at her shrine;
The stone, the couplet, and the name, inscrib'd
Among the foremost ranks of poets dead,
And dead philosophers, examples bright
For youth to imitate in every age:
Can these, with all the force of eloquence
To nerve each polish'd precept as they speak,
Do nothing that will draw the mind of man
From love of sin, or drive it back to God?—
No; the revealed mind of God declares
The wisdom ^k of the world is foolishness;
And these have drawn their wisdom from the wells
Of human foresight, dug by love of self.
'Twas inimical to the student's aim
That sense should swallow up the pow'r of thought.
The brute indulg'd—the intellect must fade;
The senses gratify'd—the crippl'd mind,
No longer strong enough to grasp the wreath
Of future fame, must in oblivion sink,
When sinks the dying body to the grave.

^k For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God: as it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. 1 Cor. iii. 19.

'Tis true, the pleasures of philosophy
Exceed the sensual; and, well circumscrib'd,
Deserve applause from men to fellow men:
But shall the mind, confin'd alone to earth
And earth's enjoyments, claim a pow'r to teach
A laps'd soul the path that leads to God?
Shall human wit attempt to scale the walls
Built by the mighty hand of sov'reign Grace?
The roof of heav'n's too high for these to climb;
The gate of heav'n's too narrow to admit
The self-sufficient in. The bubb'ling stream
Above its native fountain cannot rise;
Nor can the skill that's mortal at the best,
And through corrupted channels all deriv'd,
Direct a wand'rer to immortal bliss.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK,

R E D E M P T I O N.

BOOK III.

A R G U M E N T.

A question arising from the conclusion of the second book answered both to the scornful and to the sincere inquirer. —Scripture the fountain of truth.—Faith essential to the spiritual understanding of scripture:—That faith the gift of God.—God the Spirit the only effectual teacher. —The patriarchs and prophets taught by him.—The impossibility of serving Christ and sin at once.—But one way to heaven.—A chain of scripture doctrines recommended to the minds of inquirers after truth.—The holy Spirit leads the sinner to Christ.—The usefulness of the means of grace.—A brief description of the church militant, under the figure of a city and a garden enclosed out of the world.—Men of worldly wisdom invited to come into it.—Sinners of every description freely invited by the gospel will not come.—Christ conquers by almighty grace all that are converted.—The manner of that conquest.

R E D E M P T I O N.

B O O K III.

REASON, repell'd by Revelation's voice,
One question asks, which Reason is allow'd:
Reason, but not Presumption, may inquire—
“What then must sinners do—depriv'd of hope,
“With neither will nor pow'r the way to find
“Of lovely rectitude to solid bliss,
“If none remain to lead them by the hand
“But such as fall into the pit themselves*,
“And with themselves their wretched pupils
drown?”

Who asks the question with a scornful smile,

* And if the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch.
Luke vi, 39.

Full of the pride that springs from deeds self-wrought,

And studious to reflect the blame on God,
To these let common-sense itself reply—

“ Shall beggars on a dunghill from their prince

“ Assistance with authority demand?

“ With menace in their eye and threat’ning tone

“ Inquire the reason why they are not plac’d

“ As near their person as their favourites?—

“ And shall the creatures of Jehovah’s will,

“ His very shades, (from which if he withdraw

“ They perish in a moment) ask with scorn

“ The reasons of *his* conduct?” Were not God

A God indeed in patience, endless wrath

In judgment might arrest presumptuous man,

And answer all such questions on the lip

Of proud interrogation—God himself,

However, condescends to answer here!—

“ Ye would not hear my counsel, but with scorn

“ Retorted on my messengers of grace^b;

“ I also, when calamity shall seize

^b But ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Prov. i. 25, 26.

" Your trembling souls, will laugh at all your pain;
 " And mock you when your fears like furies rise,
 " To drag you down to everlasting shame."—
 Who asks the question with an honest wish
 To learn the way from sin to holiness,
 The way from sorrow to eternal joy?—
 God has, in love to sinful man, reveal'd
 A way of his own chusing. Read his word,
 And humbly there his sovereign will explore.
 There glides the moon that from the sun of heav'n
 Imbibes and sheds abroad celestial light:
 With golden rays her silver horn is fill'd;
 Which rays, contracted by the glass of Faith,
 Into the heart of man illuminate
 The dark recesses where lost Reason dwells;
 And open blind Imagination's eyes
 To see that God's the centre of delight.
 But whence this precious faith? and how obtain'd?
 'Tis not in man, nor of him, but the ^cgift
 Of God the Spirit, sent from Zion's King
 To fill his spacious realms with holy guests
 Selected from the sinful race of man;

^c By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves,
 it is the gift of God. Ephes. ii. 1.

And

And taught by him the knowledge of themselves
And of their gracious Lord, who thus delights
To honour and deliver whom he will.

No other teacher knows the mind of Christ,
Or can his mind communicate, like Him

Who is with Christ, and with his Father, One.

This is the Spirit which of old came down

On wings of love, and taught the patriarchs first

To walk with God on earth and wait for heav'n.

By his bright rays enlighten'd, they could pierce

Through all the tract of time that interven'd

Before the great Redeemer put on flesh,

And made atonement for his people's sin:

They view'd him as their surety; and by faith

Liv'd on his fulness, trusted in his word,

And triumph'd in his pow'r to conquer sin,

With death and hell in league. They saw his day^d,

Though it was then far off; and in the end

And glory of his coming oft rejoic'd,

In holy meditation or in song;

When, on the map of prophecy pourtray'd,

^d Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad. John viii. 56.

The Saviour's beauty, dignity, and love,
Plain to their heav'n-illumin'd eyes appear'd.

THIS is the Spirit which by Moses spake,
And all succeeding prophets down to him,
Who came, Elijah like, alone from God;
Like him reprov'd a nation or a king
With equal courage; and aloud proclaim'd
His coming Lord the enemy of sin.
From him the bless'd apostles caught that flame
Of zeal and love for the Redeemer's cause,
Which bore them up superior to the frowns
Of angry nations and opposing kings.
The glory of that memorable day,
Call'd Pentecost*, was of this Spirit's pow'r
A manifest display; and since that day
The saints in ev'ry age and ev'ry place
Have, by his mighty influence on their hearts,
Aspir'd to glory, and disdain'd the world.
The world and Christ were then at enmity;
He gain'd no footing but by pow'r divine,
Divinely exercis'd.—Nor think that thou,

* See the 2d chapter of Acts.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thou art that wouldst his servant be,
Canst have two masters^f. If thy darling sin,
As a sweet morsel roll'd beneath thy tongue,
Find harbour in thy breast, the heavens are brass
Above thy head, and deaf Jehovah's ear
To all thy supplications.—Christ and sin
Within one soul can never rule at once.
This lesson must be (hard as it may seem)
Learnt in the heart, and wrought into the life,
Where this almighty Teacher in the soul
Makes manifest his sanctifying power.

HEAVEN is within a palace vast and wide;
No human thought can its dimensions grasp;
Yet heav'n has but one door—Whoever seeks
By other ways to enter, must, ashamed,
Confus'd, and disappointed, see the gates
Of dismal hell expanded to his view!
Who shudders at the thought, and calls it harsh?
A God immutable proclaims it true.
“ No other name is publish'd under heav'n

^f No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Luke xvi. 13.

“ Wherein

“ Wherein salvation can be found but one ? ”
 Truth has two sides at once; one bright, one dark;
 When truth condemns us it appears in clouds;
 When it commends, we think it shines indeed!
 Truth frowns to drive us from destruction’s path;
 But smiles of fiction are the seeds of death.
 More worth then are the darkest shades of truth
 Than fiction’s brightest beams: a lie will sink
 Like a broad millstone into Tophet’s waves,
 And sinks the soul that trusts it: truth alone
 Will stand before the presence of the Judge,
 And bear the test of his omniscient eye.

Does Truth delight thee? search her volume
 through,
 And bind about thy heart, and grace the neck
 Of thy truth-founded creed with pearls like these:
 “ God is the fountain ^h of eternal bliss,
 “ For ever flowing yet for ever full:

^g Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other
 name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved,
 Acts iv. 12.

^h For with thee is the fountain of life. Psal. xxxvi. 8, 9.

They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters. Jer.
 ii. 13.

And

“ And all the rivers broad, and all the streams

“ Of peace and joy, originate in him.”

God is so *happy*, that his smile is heav’n—

So *potent* that his anger darts despair,

Eternal as himself, into the soul

That from the body parts—but not from sin.

Rebels that will not to his sceptre bend

Must into shivers break beneath his rod.

Princes are dust, and kingdoms flying chaff,

Before the blast of his devouring wrath

When it begins to rise.—The earth itself

Will hear his voice: the mountains and the rocks,

The rolling billows and the sounding shores,

The hills and vallies, woods and pleasant fields,

Will fly before his face; and all entomb’d

Within them or beneath, in a vast throng,

When he commands, must at his feet appear,

In one dread moment to receive their doom!

God is so *pure*, that sin offends his sightⁱ,

And kindles vengeance in his flaming eye

Whenever it is seen: no beauteous form

From him can hide a disobedient heart!—

God is so *just*, that all unrighteousness

ⁱ Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Hab. i. 13.

Is enmity itself against his reign—
 So *good*, that light's a feeble metaphor
 His goodness to express; diffusive, free,
 And wider than the boundless sea of space!—
 God is so *great*, that angels, thrones, and powers,
 Before his Majesty their faces veil,
 With grandeur overwhelm'd! Divinity
 Is light to which no creature can approach
 When cloth'd with all its pow'r; the Man alone
 Excepted who is GOD and MAN at once.
 Christ is the way^k—the only way to God:
 Through him the sinner^l at Jehovah's throne
 May seek acceptance, and acceptance find.
 God's holy Spirit is the gracious guide
 That takes the wand'ring sinner by the hand

^k Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. John xiv. 16.

^l For through him we both have access by one Spirit to the Father. Ephesians ii. 18.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms. Is. xl. 11.

I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved; and shall go in and out, and find pasture. John x. 9.

And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one flock and one shepherd. Ver. 16.

And

And leads him to this Jesus—led by him,
The Saviour owns and bears the wand'ring sheep
On his kind shoulders to his Father's fold.

THERE grows the pasture where he makes them
feed—

The pasture of communion with himself
And with his saints; the precious means of grace,
Nor leaves them there, tho' in his fold enclos'd,
But constant comes himself those means to bless^m.
Instruction there, sweet comfortⁿ, sharp reproof,
And warnings awful^o, with encouragement
To follow bright examples, gone before
To their eternal home, flow from the lips
Of faithful preachers in a stream of love;
These on the mind the holy Spirit seals^p,

^m For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Mat. xviii. 20.

ⁿ Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem. Is. xl. 1.

^o By the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. Acts xx. 31.

^p Ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory. Eph. i. 13, 14.

And

And works, by means like these, experience sweet
And holy graces in his people's hearts.

HENCE springs the fellowship of saints on earth;
Taught by one Spirit, ransom'd by one price;
One bread they eat, and at one Fountain drink;
All by one way pursuing one great end:
Likeness produces love, and love produc'd
Acts frequent by reciprocal delight,
Making sweet harmony in prayer and praise.

SWEET is the day for worship set apart
To those who thus assemble! On the smiles
Of LOVE OMNIPOTENT at once they feast,
And for those smiles with one accord give thanks:
They love the hours that bring that welcome morn,
And joyfully salute the dawning light
That calls them from their rest to seek the Lord.
“Come, let us go,” one to another cries;
“Come let us go to Zion's happy gates,
“The sacred place of our Jehovah's feet,
“Which he so oft makes glorious to our eyes?;
“And

¶ And I will make the place of my feet glorious. If. lx. 13.

G

And

“ And wait his presence there.” His presence there
To those that seek, his word of grace ensures;
His word of grace on which his people rest.
Founded on this are all the means of grace,
And through them all its light conspicuous shines;
But, most of all, in thy frequented courts,
Beloved Zion, shines the truth of God:
Nor often in thy favour’d courts so bright
As on this holy day. Thy children then
Drink the pure milk of God’s unmixed word,
And grow thereby till they become young men;
Thy young men and thy fathers then partake
The rich provision of Jehovah’s board,
And ripen fast for glory.—Glory’s dawn
And emblem is this “ day of sacred rest!”
Thy lame learn then to walk, thy blind to see,
Thy deaf to hearken, and thy dumb to speak;
Thy faint and weary then their strength renew,
And mount on eagle-wings the gospel skies
Which roof the church with a stupendous arch,
And form the firm transparent floor of heaven.
Fresh as the morning dews and swift as light,

And the name of the city from that day shall be “ Jehovah is there.” Ezek. xlviii. 55.

Their

Their heavenly race unwearied they pursue;
And without fainting walk in duty's path.
Physic and balm thy sick and wounded find
On this good day, and a Physician, skill'd
(Whatever their complaints) to heal them all.

THESE are the courts Jehovah keeps below,
Where often on his children he bestows
Rich earnest of eternal blessedness.

Go, stranger—walk the stately city * round
Where Zion sojourns on her way to heaven;
Mark well her bulwarks, count her lofty towers,
And to the generations yet unborn
Transmit a just account. Her gates are praise,
Her walls are strong salvation, founded deep
On God's immutable decrees of grace,
And rais'd beyond the flight of creature thought.
Satan has never with his eagle-eye

* Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following. Psal. xlviii. 12, 13.

We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Is. xxvi. i.

Their substance gag'd, nor trac'd their topleſs
height.

Her ſtedfaſt bulwarks with Omnipotence
Are girt about; and with uniting love
(The everlaſting love of God to men)
Cloſely cemented is each precious ſtone
That joins the ſtately ſtructure to compoſe :
Her ſtreets are order, pav'd with harmony,
O'er which the feet of ſaints make muſic ſweet
As they with zeal and knowledge walk along.
A river *, flowing with eternal love,
Supplies her bleſt inhabitants with ſtreams
Of ſolid peace, which they with gladneſs drink,
And ſhout their joys aloud through all her gates.
Her lovely gates † on either ſide are plac'd :
For entrance into fellowſhip the one;
The other for tranſlation to the ſkies.
All thoſe who enter come with grateful notes,
Adoring, as they paſs, the matchleſs grace
That ſaves them from deſtruction's op'ning gulf:

* There is a river the ſtreams whereof ſhall make glad the city of
God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Moſt High. Pſal.
xlv. 4.

† Thou ſhalt call thy walls ſalvation, and thy gates praiſe. If.
lx. 18.

And

And those who leave her courts below, to dwell
For ever in her palaces above,
Oft, as in love's bright chariot they ascend,
Shout to the heav'ns above and earth beneath,
And tell two worlds at once the bliss they feel!
Her laws are love and perfect liberty;
Her magistrates are righteousness and peace;
Her Lord is Ruler of the world above,
And holds the earth and waters in his hand:
Grandeur, that looks an empire into shades,
Sits on his kingly brow: he rules by love
The subjects of the kingdom of his grace;
But with the iron^a rod of vengeance breaks
The nations into shivers that refuse
Before the sceptre of his grace to bend.
High on her towers the gospel-flag of truce,
On invitation's gracious gale unfurl'd,
Waves to the strangers round. Her op'ning gates
Sound refuge, as their willing hinges move,
To all that fly from Satan's tyranny,
And from the false destructive smiles of sin.

^a Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them
in pieces like a potter's vessel. Psal. ii. 9.

YET in this city, glorious^{*} as it is,
No beauty to the worlding's eye appears:
Her walls, her gates, her blest inhabitants,
Her flowing river, and her heav'nly food,
Her Lord supreme, and those unequal'd laws
By which he governs them that trust his grace,
The sweet communion of her happy saints,
And their immortal hopes, are all to him
As a romantic tale or idle dream!

THIS is the fruitful garden of the Lord;
A garden from a wilderness enclos'd,
Where trees of life in beauteous order bloom.
Here lofty cedars[†] to the blaze of noon
Spread their broad arms and fold its glories in;
And humble shrubs beneath their ample shade
In lowly ranks and constant verdure grow:
Content with living, though but little seen,
The lofty cedar and the humble fir,
The fruitful vine and the full-scented rose,

^{*} Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God! Selah.
Psal. lxxxviii. 3.

[†] I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree: I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box, together. Is. xli. 19.

With

With flow'rs and plants of ev'ry size and hue,
Adorn this Eden ² of Jehovah's choice.

O YE who scan your Maker's various works,
And justly call them wonders, could ye see
What nobler wonders in a plant of grace,
That buds with future glory, are enclos'd!
Could ye perceive the embryo in the seed
Sown by the Spirit in the sinner's heart,
Expanded by the fructifying beams
Of Christ, the church's Sun, till into life
It bursts, and proves the Botanist divine!
Could ye discern the likeness of the God,
Who made the wonders ye admire, shoot forth
From a degenerate plant of Adam's stock
With life divine, ingrafted! Could ye trace
The beauteous red and white of glowing love
And spotless holiness, that tinge the mind
With a celestial hue, and through the life
Diffuse a grateful odour (sweeter far
Than all Arabia's spicy fields produce)!—
What seen in nature pleases, seen in grace

² I will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord.

Would all the passions of the foul transform,
And make each beauty you admir'd your own!
But, ah! not many wise^a, not many rich,
Not many noble, have an eye to see,
An ear to hear, an heart to feel, the joys
That flow to finners through the Saviour's blood!
The weak, the indigent, the wretched, share
The free salvation which the great disdain.
"Almighty Father, even so," said once
The kindest tongue that ever spake on earth,
"For so thou hast ordain'd!" Life, as a gift
Freely bestow'd, supported, rais'd and crown'd,
The man that is not willing to receive,
Deserves by his own wickedness to die.

'Tis pleasant to behold reviving spring
Haste from her southern circuit, all the way
A garment weaving for the northern world

^a For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence. 1 Cor. i. 26, 27, 28, 29.

Of fight-reviving green; all interspers'd
With colours various as the promis'd bow
(That faithful sign that strikes the Atheist dumb)
Displays upon the azure firmament:
But, O! to see an intellectual world,
Stripp'd of its glories by the cruel hand
Of monstrous sin, by sovereign grace restor'd
To rectitude, and render'd fit to dwell
With kindred angels and a smiling God!
To see those beauties springing into life
In a wide wilderness of barren soil,
Which shall hereafter wear immortal bloom!
How far more pleasant to an eye, by faith
Enlighten'd, things invisible to see!
To see the soul, whose thoughts, averse to God,
Turn'd from him, and his very name abhor'd,
Drawn by the centre of intelligence
From enmity's rank bed where evil grows,
Turn from the vain allurements of the world,
And leave its pleasures to imbibe from him
Celestial beauty and celestial light!

As the broad sunflow'r, from the morning
dawn
Till evening shade, turns after the bright orb
From

From which it's nam'd, so turns the new-born soul,
Call'd Christian, after him whose name he bears—
Nor bears his name alone; his likeness lives
Where shines his presence! Ev'ry heart that feels
The vital beams of heav'n's eternal Sun
Buds with immortal beauty. *Meekness* there,
And glowing *Love*, and rectitude of thought;
Sweet *Gratitude*, the full-blown rose of grace;
Firm *Patience*, rooted fast, and clinging round
The verdant stem of ever-smiling *Hope*;
And *Faith*, with eagle-wings and eagle-eye,
That penetrates the gloom of death, and mounts
The steep of heav'n to happiness in God.
There *Innocence*, transplanted from above,
Like a fair lily grows; the ambient air
Perfuming with such sweets as never die.
There grows *Humility*, (like that fam'd plant
That shrinks before the touch) its lowly head
Still bending to the sov'reign hand of grace,
And hiding from the public walks of men.
With ev'ry other grace that comes from God,
And up to glory tends; sown in the heart
By that almighty Spirit which produc'd
Whatever is by willing it should be;
And, like the seed into the good ground cast,
Wait

Wait but the falling showers and shining sun
Through the surrounding clods to burst their way,
And spring to life and loveliness at once.
Nor wait the heavenly influence in vain:
God will not leave ^b the seed he sows to die
For want of vital heat, or precious dew;
But fruitful makes each heart in which he lives,
And useful ev'ry life through which he shines.

SHew me a Christian!—Is the jewel scarce?
The just reflection makes a Christian's heart
Sigh while he looks around him:—scarce indeed!
Shew me a thousand men that bear the *name*;
And one, perhaps, the *character* displays!
Who finds a Christian when he looks abroad?
The man who through th' accomplishments of art,
The wealth and honours of a dying world,
And nature's finest touches in the mind,
Looks for a heart renew'd, and holy life,
Whether the subject be a prince or clown.
Who finds a Christian when he looks at home?

^b Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun
a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.
Phil. i. 6.

The man who looks abroad, and loves the ^c soul
 That bears the Saviour's image, love's the test;
 Knowledge must fail, accomplishments decay,
 As mental vigour dies.—Talents may shine
 Through life, and shine among the sons of men
 When he that held and us'd them is no more;
 But talents have no wings to mount the skies,
 No worth inherent that will purchase heaven!
 Eloquence here is but as tinkling sounds^d;
 And all that fly by human strength must close
 Their little wings and drop into the dust:—
 But love's immortal, and can never die!
 Love is the tree of life that grows in heaven,
 Fast rooted in the Rock immutable,
 On which the throne of God for ever stands.
 Life's Fountain waters it; and the bright rays

^c We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. 1 John iii. 14.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. John xiii. 35.

Charity (love) never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

^d Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity (which is love) I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

Of

Of glory's Sun expand and fill its fruit:
 Its fruit, the food of saints and angels there,
 Knows no decay; and its immortal seed,
 Gather'd by God's own hand, and sown by him
 In sinners hearts, and by him nourish'd there,
 Blossoms on earth; and, though beset with thorns,
 (Which from the curst ground of nature spring)
 Displays the likeness of the Prince of love
 In holy action, and in pure desire.

THE church on earth's the nursery of heaven;
 And Christ is its first fruit^e, its full blown flow'r^f,
 That sheds a dignity on all the rest.
 No eye has seen a beauty in the church
 That has not seen the Saviour's features there^g.
 Love never soar'd so high, nor stoop'd so low,
 Nor stretch'd so wide its charitable arms,
 As when the God of love and happiness

^e But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

^f I am the rose of Sharon. Cant. ii. 1.

^g Until Christ be formed in you. Gal. iv. 19.

The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you the hope of glory. Colos. i. 26, 27.

Became a man of hatred and of grief,
That love on earth might dwell, and ripen there
A harvest fit for God to gather in.
No sooner is a tree of righteousness,
That grows in this fair garden, ripe for bliss,
But God, that planted, watch'd, and water'd it,
Transplants it to his paradise above;
And there it blooms in everlasting spring.

SAY, ye who Nature's open volume read,
And search with curious eye its deepest lines—
Ye that admire the common food of brutes
As wrought by wisdom inconceivable,
Why spend your thoughts alone on themes like these?
Is that which saints and angels glory in,
And God delights to work, of no account^h?
Shall we admire the beauties that adorn
Jehovah's footstool, and his crown despise?
A crown of glory in the Lord's esteem,
And in his hand a royal diadem,
Is Zion, though by sinners set at nought.
An infant tongue may taste, and tell how sweet,

^h Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord,
and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Is. lxii. 3.

The milk that flows from its kind mother's breast,
And thus reprove a miser at his bags,
Or antiquarian at his relicks rare.
And may not then a babe in grace reprove
A man of worldly wisdom, while he sings
With lisping tongue how sweet the milk of love,
Which through the breasts of happy Zion flows
To them that with him walk in Wisdom's ways,
And seek, with him, their happiness in God!
Come then, ye wise, (nor think reproof severe
That flies upon the filken wings of love)
Look on this city of solemnities,
And walk this lovely fruitful garden round;
Hear the sweet songs, and mark the flowing joys,
That all her happy converts feel and tell,
When they with expectation forward look,
In confidence of future bliss to come;
Backward with gratitude for mercies past,
And on their present lot with sweet content.
Then say, what have ye seen in all the walks
Of sense and speculation to compare
With Zion's beauty, or with Zion's bliss?
What is so melting as free pardon, brought
By grace omnipotent to sinful men?

What

What is so precious as eternal peace;
And what so glorious as a friend in God?
And what canst thou without his friendship do?
Could all the creatures, should they all combine,
Thy vast desires completely satisfy?
Art thou not fraught with an immortal mind,
An immaterial consciousness of self,
An indirect proclaimer of a God;
Fraught with perception, pregnant with desire,
Ever pursuing (restless in the search)
A centre of delight, which still it finds
The universal system can't afford?
Why, man of learning, else does discontent
Attend thy swift advancement through the maze
Of speculation? why is not thine eye
With seeing satisfied, thine ear with sounds,
Thine heart with beauties, or with thought thy
mind?
Why does perception at itself recoil,
And stop discourag'd in the fields of space,
Because a wonder, equal to itself,
In all it there perceives it cannot find?
Why dost thou oft dissatisfied lie down,
And restless rise, impatient still to gain
Knowledge,

Knowledge, which gain'd, augments perplexity,
And leaves thee still more ignorant of self,
Of God more ignorant; the more thine eyes
The countless wonders of his hand survey:
Thou follow'st a wrong scent, for God is love,
And thou art seeking for a God of power:
A God of power's an executioner
To all that venture near him unrenow'd.
Seek'st thou a God of wisdom? That to thee
Would prove a judge with sentence in his eyes;
For thou art guilty, and his eye perceives
With equal ease thy most inherent thought
And thy most public act; and rectitude
In God's account extends to every thoughtⁱ.
Reason's his gift: he first bestow'd it pure;
And pure as he bestow'd it he requires
The constant fruit intelligence should yield.
God is thy sov'reign—thou his creature art,
The creature of his pow'r; nor from his love
Shut out but by rebellion: still his pow'r
To keep supports thee, and his pow'r to save

ⁱ Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Pf. li. 6.

Delivers thee from dangers ev'ry hour,
Yet, should'st thou know him by his pow'r alone,
Thy knowledge must prove uselefs; for thus known
Is God the Judge through all the deeps of hell.
His pow'r can make a conscious rebel live
That fain would welcome death; can turn thy
thoughts

On thy own actions, till a sense of guilt
Within thy mind creates a living hell,
And do thee no injustice: tremble then
At his Omnipotence, and fly from that
For refuge to the bosom of his Grace.

NOR learning's sons alone does grace invite,
But finners of the most enormous dye,
Who seek in vain for solid happiness
Where solid happiness was never found.

“ O, ye that thirst, come to the fountain head!^k

“ Come, without money, buy rich wine of me;

“ And, ye that hunger, my celestial food

“ Freely partake, and live;” the gospel cries
To all that hear its soul-inviting voice.—

^k Hol every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he
that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy
wine and milk, without money and without price. *Isaiah* lv. 1.

But,

But, ah! they will not come to Christ for life;
The rattling of their slavish chains they love
Far better than the gospel's joyful sound—
The slavish chains of envy, lust, and pride,
Which bind them down to earth and its delights.

DID then Jehovah-Jesus bleed in vain?
Did God in human flesh in vain proclaim
His glorious gospel to a ruin'd world?
And does it rest with man, to be redeem'd
Or perish at his pleasure? No; the pow'r
Of God's right arm is equal to his love,
And whom he loves he conquers. Wall'd around
With unbelief and pride he finds each soul
He comes to ransom: not a single friend
Has God remaining in this rebel fort
The gates of understanding to expand,
Or strike the sin-dy'd colours of the will,
When he the gospel's silver trumpet sounds
The summons to surrender.—Dead in sin
He finds them all: and in rebellion dead
The human race had ev'ry one remain'd,
Till wrath divine had prov'd their living grave,
Had invitation only reach'd their ears,

And pow'r almighty left their hearts untouch'd.
Never, immensely condescending, down
From heav'n's high palace had the Holy Ghost
Descended, to restore in fallen man
His Maker's likeness, with a touch divine
Delineating through the human pow'rs
Each holy disposition and desire,
Which fill the soul of that exalted Man
Who dy'd to save his people from their sins:—
Never had sin, of hell first-born, and grace,
First-born of glory, in one trembling soul
Wrestled for victory; as thousands, safe
In Paradise arriv'd from conflict here,
Witness, while high to their resounding harps
They sing their own deliv'rance, and to notes
Still higher sound their great Deliv'rer's praise:
And thousands more that yet with men on earth
Dwell undistinguish'd by dim Reason's eye,
Or seen as through a mist (whom he, that sees
All things precisely as they are, discerns
Distinct from others as the shining hosts
Before his throne from the black throng in hell:)—
Never had happy angels said amen
To that sweet anthem, “ Worthy is the Lamb,”
Or

Or paus'd complacent in the song sublime,
While faints, that once were sinners, rais'd alone
One note beyond them—"He was slain for us:—"
Had man been left to his polluted Will,
In the seduction of our mother Eve
The crooked serpent had not miss'd his aim;
Earth had with hell united to resist
The gracious tenders of the Saviour's love,
Till Majesty, incens'd, had shut them up
In one eternal prison. But the word
Of truth proclaims it; and the truth itself
Of saints' experience echoes it again:
" ¹ Thy people shall be willing in the day
" Of thy resistless pow'r." And when Christ comes
In his triumphal chariot, pav'd with love,
By skill and purity divine inwrought;
Cover'd with purple dy'd in his own blood,
Drawn by the flying steeds of rectitude;
Arm'd with omnipotence; girt round with truth;
His head with mercy like a rainbow crown'd;
And with that voice which said, "Let there be light,"
And light there was, says "Sinner, yield to me,
" To me, at once, without conditions yield,

¹ Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power. Ps. cx. 3.

“ For I have ransom’d thee with my own blood
“ From that dark dungeon where thou ly’st
“ confin’d,
“ And built thee an abode beyond the stars,
“ Where uncreated light for ever shines,
“ And night approaches not eternal day :—
“ Thy name is deep engraven on my hands,
“ And deeper still recorded in my heart;
“ And, by my own Almighty Self I swear,
“ Though earth and hell against thee should unite,
“ I’ll never leave thee nor forsake thee once,
“ Till all those walls and bulwarks, built by sin,
“ With which thou art so strong encompass’d round,
“ Are levell’d with the dust beneath thy feet,
“ And not one stone upon another stands
“ Thy passage to my glory to impede;
“ Till I have purg’d thee from the deepest stains,
“ With which thy heart by sin is blotted through,
“ And all thy thoughts defiled; till thy mind
“ (Now thick envelop’d round with ignorance^m)
“ One

^m A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.—I will also save you from all your uncleannesses,---Then shall ye remember your own evil

“ One blaze of pure intelligence becomes ;
“ Till thou, discerning, by the light I give,
“ The excellency of my matchless grace,
“ And the unequall’d beauty of my robe,
“ Shalt cast thy prison garments all aside,
“ And destitute and naked come to me,
“ With fervent supplication on thy lips,
“ With shame and self-abasement in thy heart,
“ Humbly imploring what I’ll freely give—
“ A robe to cover all thy nakednessⁿ,
“ And heav’nly graces to enrich thy mind,
“ Till thy own will, so prone my will to thwart,
“ Is all in mine completely swallowed up.”—

Thus speaks the mighty Saviour, while the foul
He thus addresses, struck with rev’rend awe,
And trembling at the glory of his pow’r,
But more astonish’d at his wond’rous love,
Cries out “ What wilt thou Lord that I should do ? ”

evil ways, and your doings, that were not good ; and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities, and for your abominations.---Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. Ezek. xxvi. 26, 29, 31, and 37.

ⁿ He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation ; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. Isaiah lxi. 10.

“ Believe on me,” the Saviour answers mild,
“ And thou by me shalt live.” Down fall the walls
Of pride and unbelief, and o’er his foes
The glorious victor rolls his chariot wheels.
Hell groans with disappointment, while he breaks,
With his all-conquering arm, the battlements
By guilt from earth erected up to heav’n.
Conquer’d by grace unmerited, unsought,
Down sinks the foul love-wounded. (Wounded so
For ever and for ever let me be !)
The sword which gives the wound a balm conveys
That heals the wound it gives. (Who would not fall
By such a conq’ror?—who, that ever felt
The pow’r, the sweetness, of redeeming love !)

THEN heaven begins within the mind to dawn,
When the first spark of love, by love divine
Created, tow’rds the Sun of Righteousness
Ascends spontaneous, as the element
Of fire material to the central orb.
Love is the holy element of heav’n;
The air that angels breathe, as from the throne
Of God it issues forth; for “ God is love,”
And those, that live so near him, on him live—

No

No other food they need. So, when the foul,
By the omnipotent Redeemer's arm
Emancipated from the chains of sin,
Perceives that God is love, and feels his love
Sweetly constraining it to love again
The fountain whence it flows—like midnight shades
Before the glory of the rising sun,
The world (till then esteem'd the only good),
With all its fair delusions, disappears;
And he who dy'd to save, and lives to make
The wonders of his great salvation known,
Becomes the new-born creature's all in all;
And from him one sweet smile is more esteem'd
Than all the wealth of India. India's wealth
May make a wretch more wretched; but a smile
Of love-creating love from God in Christ
(Despise such smiles who will) renders a slave
A self-possessing monarch; angels' food
That soul imbibes, and like the angels grows,

R E D E M P T I O N.

BOOK IV.

A R G U M E N T.

The Christian described by his internal experience of the efficacy of the atonement of Christ—Of the remaining evil of his own heart—Of the Lord's way of bringing him to a further acquaintance with himself, &c.—The Christian's account of himself, supposed to be given at a social meeting.—Reflections on the various degrees of Christian experience, and the various methods by which the Lord displays his saving power.—A short glance at the Christian in prospect of heaven, and in his passage through death.

R E D E M P T I O N.

B O O K IV.

R EDEMPTION brought thus far, and the lost soul
Recover'd by the Saviour's conq'ring arm,
And laid a willing captive at his feet ;
What is a CHRISTIAN?—Draw the curtain back ;
The curtain of obscurity, which hides
The lovely wonder from the public eye ;
And, unembellish'd, let the saint appear
In all the sweet simplicity of grace :
Unveil his beauties, nor his failings hide ;
Let him in sunshine walk, and under clouds :
The soldier, fighting with unequal foes,
Yet conq'ring by his Captain's word, display ;
And paint the ransom'd sinner in the car

Of

Of love divine ascending through the skies,
And shouting as he goes redeeming grace !
The pilgrim, laden deep with trials, draw,
And bearing up beneath a weight of cares ;
Yet more concern'd for holiness than ease :
More earnest at the throne of grace for strength
His cross to bear with Christian fortitude,
Than for deliv'rance from it's pond'rous weight.
Display the Christian in his public walks,
His social converse and his private hours,
His joys unspeakable, his deep distress,
The dawn of glory, and the shades of sin ;
Each in proportion on the canvas draw,
And bring the portrait forward, that the man,
Who runs along the much frequented road
Of curious Athens^a, may perceive him bound
For other joys than can be found on earth.

BORN from above, and up to glory bound,
When once the soul, restor'd by sov'reign grace,
Begins to live anew, these signs appear:—

^a For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. Acts xvii, 21.

The man, that was, is now no longer deaf
To sweet Redemption's heart-reviving sound;
The man, that was, is now no longer blind
To the Redeemer's beauties; now no more
Asham'd of those that follow him on earth,
Though by the rebel-world esteem'd as base^b.
Old things are past away—all things to him
As new-created seem; he sees himself
Another creature than he once appear'd;
New hopes, new fears, new sorrows, and new joys,
Expand, depress, and warm his heart by turns.
Deliver'd from the reigning pow'r of sin,
With sin he goes to war, and hopes at length,
Though weaker than his potent enemy,
By strength deriv'd from his Almighty Lord,
A full and final conquest to obtain:
Yet, as this foe dwells in him, oft he feels
Sharp contest in his soul, and sometimes fears
He may by sin be overcome at last.
But, when such fears no longer cloud his mind,

^b The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world even as I am not of the world. John xvii. 14.—We are made as the filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things, unto this day. 1 Cor. iv. 13.

When

When love divine looks through the threat'ning
storm,

And the blest Christian in his conscience feels
The flames of Sinai quench'd, and heav'nly peace
(Emerging from the crimson stream which flow'd
Through the Redeemer's pierced hands and feet,
As an atoning sacrifice for sin)

Flies to his bosom, and the tidings bears
Of pardon granted, and of future bliss,
Both freely on himself henceforth bestow'd,
And both bestow'd for his Redeemer's sake;
His eyes on Calv'ry fix'd, and streaming down
With sorrow for the sins that pierc'd his Lord,
And love to him who dy'd that he might live;
His melting heart with grateful zeal inquires
What he shall do to manifest his love
For him who thus has lov'd him; what to praise
The grace that plucks him as a brand from hell.
Rememb'ring his past life, his broken vows,
The aggravated and repeated sins,
From which his lab'ring conscience, just set free,
Finds sweet deliv'rance and unhop'd-for peace:
He feels he can do nothing, but looks up
To him who first releas'd him to incline

To

To sweet obedience all his ransom'd powers,
And carry on the work himself began,
Till grace is crown'd with glory; till, his heart
From sin set free, and all his foes destroy'd,
He stands a conq'ror on that happy shore
Where sin and sorrow never can approach.

Thus on his way he goes, and on his way
Well may he go, since he that made him strong
Has promis'd him of strength a fresh supply
Whenever he shall ask it. On his way
He sings exulting in his Saviour's cross,
Exulting in the pow'r that made him strong;
And, while he feels Omnipotence his shield,
And sees the Sun of Righteousness his light,
He fears no danger:—he, with dauntless front,
Can face the fiercest dragons of the pit,
And round him hear the hellish lions roar,
Nor tremble at the sound: his peace and hope
Are founded on a rock, which all their rage
Can never shake—the promise of his God.

No hills or vallies can his path impede,
No pricking briars stop him on his way,

I

Or

Or check the rapid progress of his feet,
While heav'n is in his eye. He rushes on
Well arm'd, and much encourag'd to withstand
Whatever may oppose; and as he sees
More of himself, and of his Saviour more,
The more he wonders at the matchless love
Which chose so vile a sinner to display
The riches and the pow'r of sov'reign grace!
And wonders at himself, that he should sit
So long in darkness gross, without one ray
Of heav'nly light, or one good thought of Christ;
Without one just reflection on his state,
Or one heart-sprung petition for release
From the dark dungeon of Jehovah's wrath!
Yet such he knows his past condition was,
And such is the condition of the world,
Wide as it is, till light from Christ arise,
And scatter mental darkness from the mind.
And while he looks with holy wonder back
To the dread precipice of ire divine,
Which lately hung impending o'er his head,
And threaten'd swift destruction to his soul,
Can he forbear a song of gratitude?
Can he forbear to shout, " Not unto me,
" Not

“ Not unto me, O Lord, but to thy name
“ Eternity throughout be all the praise !”
And can he look without concern on those
That still in the same dreadful case remain ?
Their sins are frequent sources of his sighs ;
The subjects of his frequent pray’rs, their souls :
For well he knows—what they, alas, know not—
That sin’s the certain road to death and hell,
And Christ the only way that leads to heav’n.
Nor can he see them rush with one consent
Impetuous down to everlasting flames,
And eager to be damn’d, but he’s constrain’d
To warn them of their danger, and with tears
Entreat them, as himself has done, to fly
For shelter to the bleeding Saviour’s arms :
While they, perhaps, his warning and his tears
Alike despising, turn their backs on heav’n,
And speed their way the more: their way they take,
And he his way pursues. To heav’n alone
He’d rather go than in a crowd to hell.

AND, O, how vast are his new-born desires,
When from the everlasting hills a breeze,
Fraught with the spicy odours of the place

To which he hastens, fills his vig'rous mind,
And wafts him on it's soft, it's welcome wings,
A fragrant earnest of his future blifs !
His crown before him, and the world behind;
His heart in heaven, and his treasure there;
What can, what should, divert him? He can pierce
By Faith's keen eye through intervening time,
And view, as o'er a narrow neck of land,
Eternal blessedness not far before !
He smells the full-blown flow'rs of Paradise,
And from the Spirit's gracious hand receives
Oft-times a foretaste of its precious fruit.
He sees the pearly gates and golden spires
Where, in his own magnificence, resides
The King of grace, and keeps with all his saints
The court of heav'n, the palace of the skies.
Well might the prophets shout^e when they foresaw,
And under influence divine foretold,
What prospects should engage the hearts and eyes
Of ransom'd sinners on their way to heav'n.
Well might the great apostle, when he stood

^e Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it : shout ye lower parts of the earth : break forth into singing ye mountains : O forest, and every tree therein : for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. *Isaiah xlii. 23.*

Beneath the rays of his ascended Lord,
 And saw the depths of wisdom infinite,
 Of sov'reign favour, and eternal love,
 Roll in one vast, profound, astonish'd shout,
 " O the unsearchable designs of God,
 " His depths of wisdom who can find them out ^d !"

SUCH is the path the happy pilgrim treads,
 While he the holy precepts of his Lord
 Delights to ponder; while in all the ways
 Of Zion's children, constant and sincere,
 He walks with Prudence : but, if once he step
 From the kind threshold where the queen of bliss,
 Fair Wisdom^e, dwells, presuming he is strong
 And needs no guide, the fatal consequence
 Soon, to his sorrow, he is left to feel.
 His Lord, who dy'd to save him from his sins,
 With sin at enmity, forbears to smile
 When he forgets t' obey : and sharp reproof
 Dwells on his lips, while from his awful eye

^d O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out ! Rom. xi. 33.

^e I Wisdom dwell with Prudence, Prov. viii. 12.

Impending lightning ready seems to dart
Its angry blaze through his polluted soul :
And that he may be humbled, and perceive
The evil of his sin, his Lord permits
(With bounded rage) his conquer'd enemy
To rush upon him, with infernal roar
His hellish jaws expanding; till, convinc'd
How great his sin, to heav'n for help he cries,
And humbly asks, in his Redeemer's name,
The sov'reign balm of mercy, to allay
The fire of guilt which in his conscience burns.
Thus, timely to a sense of folly brought,
His Lord, who never turn'd away his ear
From humble supplication, heals his wounds,
And plucks him from the soul-devouring jaws
Of Satan, who to his dark dungeon flies
Whenever Judah's lion looks abroad.

THEN, to his joy, the rescu'd Christian finds
The righteous hand, that wounds in faithfulness,
In faithfulness can heal. More of his name,
As just and kind, he in his conduct reads,
And more his name adores. Then on his way
He

He walks again ; but then with trembling feet
His way pursues, lest he again should fall.
But, O, how much he blames himself that he
Against so kind a Sov'reign should transgress,
To serve a potentate^f so vile, as sin !
Less ready to forget than his kind Lord
To pardon what was wrong, he grieves for sins
He knows he shall not die for ; and his path
Wets, as he walks, with tears of penitence.

Now he begins to feel dependence sweet,
As well as safety. Now the worth he sees
Of an atonement, which revolving time
Can never lessen. While he hates the sins
That pierc'd his Lord, his Lord he loves the more,
Who could those aggravated sins remit.
Now he perceives how permanent the rock
On which his hope he builds; nor fears the storms,
That may in future rise, should overwhelm,
Though they may oft disturb his well-built peace.
Much rumination now his mind employs ;

^f Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey ; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness. Rom. vi. 16.

He ponders as he steps, assur'd of heav'n,
Because he knows the promise cannot fail^e;
Yet much concern'd to be for heav'n prepar'd,
Because he knows no sin can enter there^h.
With watchful eye his Lord's commands he marks;
His jealousy's proportion'd to his love:
Christ's presence, as the apple of his eye,
Tender as well as precious, he esteems:
And oft as danger threatens him looks up,
Not without rapture, to the sov'reign hand
Which dropt the balm of peace into his heart;
Nor ever looks in vain.—Jehovah's ear
Is ever open to his children's cry:
No enemy can intercept the flight
Of supplication on it's way to God;

^e Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. Luke xxi. 33.

God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay held upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19.

^h And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. Rev. xxi. 27.

For

For he who gives desire it's seraph-wings
Guards it to heav'n, and rapid as it's course
Brings down an answer to the waiting faint:
Then who can speak the high serene delight
That kindles in his heart, while he from heav'n
A token of his Father's love receives,
And knows it is his heav'nly Father's voice
That says "*Sufficient is my grace for thee!*"

DEEP rolls the stream of mercy thro' his soul,
And Gratitude walks constant round its banks,
With sweet Contentment smiling by her side.
Christ is in all his thoughts; with him he walks
The live-long day; and when he lays him down
Entreats his watchful presence through the night;
Sleeps sweetly on the pillow of his peace,
And, waking, seeks communion with his Lord,
As his best portion through the op'ning day.
Christ is his morning star, and Christ his sun;
His day begins when he begins to smile,
His night when Jesus frowns: of him he talks
With sacred rapture, while his dying love
(Shed richly by the Spirit on his heart)
Constrains his tongue to speak with heart-felt sighs

When he the vacuum of his absence feels.
So large a room has Jesus in his heart,
That none beside can fill it; none beside
Can raise a spark of true enjoyment there.

No hand can bless like his that bliss creates;
No lord can rule like him that rules by love;
No king can govern like the king that sways
A righteous sceptre o'er a conquer'd heart.

He gives indeed that gives away himself!
How great the gift then when the Lord of bliss
Himself bestows, the creature's bliss to crown!
That gift bestow'd, the giver must be dear;
That gift receiv'd, the giver must be lov'd;
And love alone can make obedience sweet.
Yet is this gift essential, though so great,
To pure delight in an immortal mind;
Immortal hopes alone are fit t' expand
The mind that is immortal; nothing less
Can satisfy or fill it; nothing more
Is needful to employ it's noblest powers.

No substitute his absence can supply
Whose presence is the fountain of delight;

Whose

Whose friendship, perfectly enjoy'd, is heav'n;
Whose perfect enmity, endur'd, is hell.
The sorrow therefore a believer feels,
(An absent God the object of his grief)
Is far superior to the worldling's joy:
And sorrow is no stranger to the man
That follows him, who was, when here below,
"A man of sorrows, and a friend of grief"[†]—
For grief is holiness when sin's the cause.
Sin made the sin-atonement Saviour grieve;
Sin (save by imputation) not his own:
And sins of others, make the Christian sigh,
While for his own he groans. A man throughout
In all the ties that mark the present state,
One common lot in things terrestrial
The best of Christians shares with all mankind:
Afflictions sore, and persecutions sharp,
Anguish of body, and distress of mind,
Keen poverty, and wasting slow disease,
With ev'ry other harbinger of death,
Knock with their billets at the Christian's door,
And quarter on him as on other men:—

[†] A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Is. liii. 3.

Witness the man who laid aside his crook
To hold the sceptre o'er the chosen tribes;
But first the persecuting frowns endur'd
Of his proud predecessor, though of God
Belov'd, and call'd one after his own heart:
His cross he bore before he wore his crown,
And pass'd through many a storm ere he attain'd
The calm possession of his soul's desire.

And witness patient Job, who lov'd the Lord
More than his sons, his daughters, or his wealth;
Yet all his wealth, and sons, and daughters, lost
In one sad day, and bless'd the sov'reign hand
That gave him all, and took his all away.

"But skin for skin," says Satan; "Will the man
"Who loves the Lord when outward comforts die,
"Love him when all his flesh with racking pain
"Shudders upon his bones? When sore disease
"And deep life-threat'ning wounds his limbs
deform,

"Will he not gnash with anguish keen his teeth,
"And curse the God that made him? Or, at least,
"Will he not cease to bless him while he feels
"From his inflicting hand tortures like these?"
Let Satan reason thus, for it befits

His

His character, his conduct, and his place.
Sin is the parent of disease and pain;
One root supplies them. In the fiery lake
That burns with wrath, the endless wrath of God,
Anguish and sin, as it is fit they should
(Never to part) together dwell at home.
There we are told, by him who cannot lie,
They gnaw their tongues for pain, and yet blaspheme.

But in the soul regenerate of God
Such hell-begotten reasons have no weight;
For he has learn'd that sin affords no balm
To heal the wounds it causes; God alone
Has pow'r to heal, and sin alone has pow'r
To wound intelligence with conscious guilt,
Or animal capacity with pain.
No drop of blood had ever stain'd the earth
From murd'rous, slaught'ring, or sacrific knife,
Had sin had no existence: guilt and fear,
Death's worst attendants, from the monster sin
Had their first birth, and with that monster die.

As much as other men the Christian feels
That pain is pain, but not like them behaves.

The

The sorrow of the world works only death ;
But sorrow, when divine instruction blends
Therewith her useful lessons, mends the heart.
All things conspire to work the Christian's good ;
Which makes him willing all things to endure,
While in his eye the end of all he keeps.
Yes, he can bear his Father's chast'ning rod
Laid on the flesh without a murm'ring thought,
Nor cease to bless him, while beneath his smile
His happy spirit basks. Such is the peace
That God bestows, and by his presence guards !
But that which most of all the Christian fears,
And that which most of all when felt he feels,
Is when the Holy Spirit, griev'd by sin,
Leaves him to pore upon the fest'ring wound
Of a stung conscience :—he can bear the pangs
Of feeble nature struggling with disease,
But who a wounded spirit can support ?
Yet even this (convinc'd the Lord is just
In all his ways) some champions have endur'd,
Patient beneath his indignation stood,
Knowing his anger burns but for a night,
And waited for the day-break of his grace.
Then, after such a night, how bright the morn
That

That dawns upon the Christian's waiting mind!
The bitter first, and after that the sweet,
Renders the sweet the sweeter when it comes,
And by the contrast heightens the delight.

OfT as the heav'n-bound pilgrim on his road
His fellow-travellers to Zion finds,
(And oft he finds them, for their way is one)
He asks with kindness when their Lord they saw,
And tells when he was favour'd with the sight:
"Come ^k, ye that love and fear the Lord," he says,
"And I will tell what he has done for me."
I fought him lost, and he my soul restor'd;
I fought him wounded, all my wounds he heal'd;
I fought him hungry, he my wants supply'd;
Helpless I fought him, to my aid he came,
And from the lion's paw deliver'd me.
I wander'd from him to my grief and shame;
My grief and shame he saw with pitying eye,
And to himself restor'd me with a smile
That spoke forgiveness to my trembling heart.
My trembling heart, when I that pardon felt,

^k Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what
he hath done for my soul. Pf. lxvi. 16.

Was fix'd, was fir'd with rapture! On his love
I feasted daily; on his word I lean'd:
His word was my support: through it the storms
Which daily beat upon the pilgrim's head
From Satan's craft, and from a frowning world,
I patiently endur'd; nor barely stood,
But gloried in the hand that held me up,
And forward urg'd my way: and while I fought
No other refuge but my Saviour's name,
No other pleasure but delight in him,
No honour but my Lord's approving smile,
My days were like the days of heav'n on earth:
Each rising morning, on its earliest beams,
Convey'd instruction to my willing mind,
And taught me to explore the dawn of heav'n:
Yea often, ere the morning star had told
The shining sun's approach, my soaring thoughts
Beyond creation's bounds had urg'd their flight,
On faith's aspiring wings, to the third heav'n,
Where my Redeemer dwells, my sun and shield,
My glory and my strength; no stranger there,
But (as a child from home, detain'd awhile
For needful admonition, visits oft
With joy the place where his affections rest)
Sweet welcome, and refreshment sweet, I found,
With

With precious tokens of parental love,
And dearer promises that soon from earth,
And earth's employ, my education done,
I should be call'd to live at home in heav'n!
Delight in God as my eternal all,
And from him each desire my heart could frame,
Granted at once¹, was then my happy lot.
Meridian day was not my clearest light,
Nor summer ev'ning my sereneest calm;
The Sun of Righteousness, that set in blood,
In glory to arise and set no more,
(Though distant farther than the glittering orbs,
Whose distance tires the strongest thought of man)
Made my most pleasant morn, my brightest noon,
My calmest ev'ning; and, when night appear'd,
Ceas'd not to shine, but blest my happy dreams.
The day renew'd, new favours crown'd the morn,
And mercies, numberless as moments, mark'd
The swift revolving hours, happy as long,
Still making room for others as they pass'd,
No less desir'd than they: on golden wings
My time then fled; on golden wheels the car

¹ Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Ps. xxxvii. 4.

Of love divine, in which tow'rd heav'n I rode,
Mov'd o'er the solid rock that paves the way
Through which the ransom'd of Jehovah pass
To reach the glorious prize that full in view
Attracts the eye of Faith. Sweet on my ear
Were then the notes of Heav'n: those brilliant choirs
I long'd to join, and shout before the throne
To their immortal song my loud Amen!
How happy then was I to meet the saints,
And tell my Saviour's love! My tongue would
 dwell

All day with rapture on the pleasing theme;
My ears with pleasure listen to the voice
Of grateful pilgrims on their way to heav'n.
My Saviour's name was music to me then;
And his fair image, where I saw it shine,
Was beauty in mine eyes; and on my heart
The names of those who bore the precious mark
Were deep engraven. With their flowing tears
I mingled mine; and when their hearts with joy
Exulted, and the rapid wings of praise
Bore up their thanks to heav'n, their song was mine:
Rapture, akin to theirs when they were glad,
Beat through my leaping heart, and told how sweet

The fellowship^m must be of saints above !
These I esteem'd the only excellentⁿ
That earth could boast : with these my fleeting days,
That yet below remain, I fain would spend :
With these, upon the everlasting hills,
I hope to join the last triumphant song
" To him that lov'd us, and in his own blood
" Wash'd us from guilt, and sav'd us from our sins ;
" To him, throughout his own eternity,
" Be praise as boundless as his righteous reign !"
With these, till that bright period, I would learn
Submission to my Father's chaf'ning rod ;
Delight in prompt obedience to his will ;
Hatred to sin, which crucified my Lord ;
The beauty of that law my Lord obey'd ;
And how unfit the best of creatures are
To fill a mind created to enjoy
The friendship of the infinite Supreme !

^m Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion : for there the Lord commanded his blessing, even life for evermore. Pf. cxxxiii. 1, 3.

ⁿ The saints that are in the earth, the excellent, in whom is all my delight. Pf. xvi. 3.

BUT ah! these lessons I have but begun!
For, when the world with an enticing snare
My foolish heart assail'd, from my best love
Again I wander'd:—O, how base was I
To quit the pillow of eternal peace,
And seek repose among the thorns of time —
At Pleasure's flatt'ring call to turn aside
From the rich fountain of celestial wine,
Which fills the mind with vigour, and expands
The willing soul to the descending rays
Of pure intelligence, for transient drops
Of soul-deluding joy, by sense prepar'd,
Which spread intoxication through the mind,
And leave the heart for happiness unfit!
No creature comfort could I then enjoy;
My best affections, gone astray from God,
Could find no centre, but from thing to thing,
With restless search, an endless round pursu'd,
And still came empty home. How true that word,
“The way which the transgressor takes is hard!”
No way so hard as when we take our own.
How does repentance tread, with bleeding feet
And throbbing bosom, o'er the rugged path
Which sin indulg'd has planted thick with thorns!

Still

Still on my mind, which way foe'er I took,
My sin was pourtray'd, and my guilt was mark'd
More deep, because ingratitude was there.
For this mine eyes have oft with tears ran down,
And secret groans have shook my aching heart :
For this my days have oft been wrapt in clouds ;
In awful shades of guilty fear my nights :
For this the faithful servants of my Lord
(Whose words in season past were wont to cheer)
Have smote me fore with arrows of reproof,
Drawn from the quiver of Jehovah's word ;
While on the sound of invitation's voice
My Lord, in wisdom, has forborne to smile.

BUT O! (proclaim it through fair Zion's streets,
And let the world the joyful tidings hear)
Forgiveness with the Lord my Saviour dwells,
And Mercy waits upon the willing wings
Of strong desire before my Father's throne,
To waft the happy news of pardon down
To the returning sinner's bleeding heart !
Again my Lord his glorious face unveil'd,
And bid me sin no more, but keep the path

In which, with so much ecstacy, I walk'd
When with his presence I at first was blest.

Now I my way with trembling feet pursue,
Lest with mine eyes or heart I should offend
The holy Paraclete, which down from heav'n
So oft my Saviour's messages of love
Brings to my melting heart, and with fresh strength
Supplies and cheers me when with toil I faint.
Yet, notwithstanding all my follies past,
My Lord, without upbraiding, freely still
Gives like himself, and wins my heart by love.
And when no snares of sin or clouds of guilt
My feet impede, or check my piercing eye,
I view by faith the crown for me laid up—
A crown whose lustre cannot fade away !
Through strong anticipation's glass, I see
The pearly gates of my last home expand,
My soul to welcome in ; and hear my Lord

• Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,
which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day :
and not to me only, but unto them also that love his appearing.
2 Tim. iv. 8.

Ye shall receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not away. 1 Pet.
v. 4.

Pronounce

Pronounce "Well done," (however much I blush
When I look back, to think how short I fall)
" Thy work is ended, and thy conflict's o'er;
" Thy sorrows and thy tears I wipe away;
" Thy crown is ready, and thy seat in bliss
" Waits thee to fill it—enter thou the joy
" Of thy triumphant Lord, and reign with me.
" See where thy dear companions (once on earth
" Like thee in conflict, and sometimes like thee
" By sin my frowns incurring, now my frown
" No more they feel or fear, but on my smiles
" Live, and shall live for ever) wait with love,
" And shouts of holy joy, to welcome home
" Thee, their companion late in yonder vale,
" Now fellow-heir with them of endless life!
" Go, take thy harp; for lo thy harp is strung
" And tun'd already, and thy hands are skill'd
" At once to join the harmony of heav'n.
" When I thy sorrows bore on yonder tree,
" Burst thee a passage through the gloomy grave;
" And took for thee my seat on this my throne;
" I gave thee matter of eternal praise,
" And praise eternal shall thy tongue employ,
" While joys immortal fill thy raptur'd soul!"

I LOVE to think of heav'n, where I shall meet
My fellow-travellers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturb'd;
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But when my heart anticipates the sight
Of God incarnate, wearing on his side,
And hands, and feet, those marks of love divine
Which he on Calvary for me endur'd,
All heav'n beside is swallow'd up in this,
And he who is my hope of heav'n below
“Appears the glory of my heav'n above.”

SUCH are the raptures high, the conflicts strong,
And sweet serene enjoyments, of the men
That Christians are indeed; that walk with God
In holy close communion day by day;
That work for God as for their rightful Lord;
That seek their daily portion in his love;
That after him, as their example, walk,
And to him live, as their sublimest end!
Yet some there are, that love the Lord indeed,
That never rise so high, nor see so much,
Nor fight so hard as these, but often fear
They

They have to God, and to his saints, no love,
Because they do not love them as they would.

WHERE love exists, without it's object near,
Jealous anxieties will oft arise;
And jealousy is cruel as the grave,
And swallows up the feeble Christian's joys,
Rending with anguish keen the tender heart
That beats with love to God. Anguish to thee,
Sin-loving slave, unknown—to gratify
Passions unhallow'd on forbidden things,
And feel no guilt, is all the heav'n thou seek'st:
And O, tremendous thought! tis all the heav'n
Thou ere shalt find, while such thy vain pursuit!
Poor bliss indeed—and short as it is poor—
To have thy heav'n in sin! for death and hell
Walk in her train, and are not far behind.
Nor let the lie of loud-tongu'd error cheat,
With prospect of release, thy wand'ring heart;
Justice bars up the adamantine gates
Of endless wrath on all that die in sin,
And Truth and Goodness both the act approve —
The Justice, Truth, and Goodness, of a God
Immutably the same! And who can change

The

The verdict pass'd by these, or break those bars ?
The man who feels, and grieves because he feels,
Sin strong within him, has an evidence
The careless sinner wants of love to God.
Yes, he that trembles at a broken law,
And fears the curse impending o'er his head,
Is in more hopeful case than he who thinks
Accepted at the bar of God to stand
For his own righteous deeds. Danger unseen
Is like the silent arrow from a bow,
Which carries without warning certain death.

God sometimes speaks by fire ; on whirlwinds
fends

His awful mandates to the trembling soul ;
Wraps his dark dispensations round in storms ;
And thunders forth, by pow'r omnipotent^p,
His sov'reign will to man ; then breaks at length
With Mercy's gentle beams the threat'ning clouds,
And shews the promis'd rainbow round his head ;
But oft'ner whispers with the small still voice
Of friendly admonition to his saints.

^p See the case of the jailor, Acts xvi. 26.

Silent as night, as soft as morning dews,
His kind instructions, on the wings of grace,
Into the Christian's willing soul descend,
And teach him in his duty to delight.
Almighty pow'r is thus as manifest
As in the dreadful storm that rends the skies,
And swells the deep to mountains. In the rose,
That scents the vale, as much of God is seen
As in the sturdy oak that scorns the breeze,
And scarcely shakes when the fierce north-wind
blows.

As when the mariner at anchor lies,
And waits the first fair wind to speed his way
To his far distant home, he marks each breeze
That seems his hope to favour—so the soul,
That much of heav'n on earth enjoys, each thought
Which Godward glides across his mind secures,
And seizes blest occasion on the wing.
Christ is his harbour : not the softest gale
That blows for heav'n can pass, but he expands
The willing sails of his unfurling pow'rs,
And gives it all his soul. The precious breeze
Swells

Swells round him as he goes; and soon he rides,
Like a fair vessel with her port in view,
Under full sail for glory; while the shores
Ring with harmonious shouts of those that wait
To hail him welcome to his blissful home.

I CHARGE you then, he cries, ye worldly cares,
And sinful inclinations, by the roes
And hinds that bound along the level plain,
At the soft sound of each intruder's foot
Starting, suspicious of an enemy,
That ye disturb not him my soul adores,
While I with him commune—while he with me
(Amazing condescension!) deigns to talk.

THEN death may shake his arrows, he can sit
Secure beneath his Lord's protecting eye,
And smile in contemplation on the change,
The mortal change, through which he soon must
pass;

And count his treasures in the future state,
Serenely confident.—How many a faint
Has shouted forth with his expiring breath

The

The great Redeemer's praise ; triumphant leap'd
Into the monster's all-devouring jaws,
And made his hollow vaults, while passing through,
With hallelujahs ring ! Thus Stephen dy'd ;
Thus Polycarp, Ignatius, and the rest
Of those illustrious worthies whose great names
Adorn the page of history, and shine
Like jewels in the silver lines of truth :
Thus holy Phillpot kiss'd the fatal stake,
And shouted in the flames ! But what were these,
That death so gently should the gates expand
Of his dark mansions to admit them through ?
Jesus, the captain of his chosen band,
Himself has trod the gloomy path before,
Pluck'd out the sting of death, and in its stead
Plac'd in his hand an arrow, sharp indeed,
To cut the strings of life ; but on it's point
No galling beard of dread conviction left
Envenom'd in the pois'nous dregs of guilt :
Dipp'd in the balmy stream of his own blood
Is it's keen point, that Mercy may not leave
A single moment her beloved charge.

CAST

CAST then your gloomy fears of death aside,
Ye who the Saviour's holy image bear,
And for salvation trust in him alone,
And join the song of these triumphant saints.
He who has conquer'd your first enemy,
And of all enemies the very worst,
Will also, in due time, destroy the last †.

† The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. † Cor.
xv. 26.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

R E D E M P T I O N.

BOOK V.

A R G U M E N T.

A short view of a very spiritual-minded Christian, under the emblem of a fruitful tree in a fine situation.—The Christian described, by his conduct in relative life, under the characters of a master, a servant, a husband, a father, a poor man, a rich man.—Picture of an hypocrite.—The characters of the patriarchs, brought to shew the agreement of their conduct and experience with that of Christians in the present day.—Abel saved by faith in the atonement of Christ.—Enoch, his close and holy walk with God, and the happy experience connected therewith.—Noah, his obedience, fear of God, preaching, &c.—The general deluge.—Encouragement for the Church, drawn from the safety of the ark.—Abraham, his great faith in the promises of God.—The character of Jacob considered as a type of every spiritual Israelite.

REDEMPTION.

BOOK V.

BEHOLD yon tree, whose lofty spreading boughs*,
Extending wide, at once delight the eye
With plenteous foliage, and invite the taste
Their load to lessen by a rich repast.
Hard by the foot of it's deep-rooted trunk
A flowing river winds its chrystal waves :
The fertile soil, not marshy, nor too dry,
Drinks in the passing stream, and to its root
Constant conveys the life-supporting sap.
See to the north a friendly ridge of hills,
Plac'd to defend it from the cutting blast ;
And next the south a wide extended vale
Welcomes the swelling gale, and gives it room

• Psalm i.

L

To

To spread and soften o'er the flow'ry banks
Of the clear sky-reflecting stream, which rolls
Majestic through it's centre: ev'ry branch
Waves on the gentle breeze, and ev'ry leaf
Bends to the show'r, and sips the precious dew,
While the broad beams of the meridian sun
Swell and enrich it's deep-enamell'd fruit.
Such is the Christian, who, like Enoch, dwells
In the pavilion of redeeming love,
And all the way to glory walks with God.
Jesus has borne for him the cutting north,
And now his Spirit, like the south wind, blows
Refreshing gales of comfort through his mind.
Round his deep-rooted hope of future bliss
Eternal love, like a broad river, rolls,
And fills with joy his heart, his mouth with praise,
And all his life with beauty: from that stream
He drinks instruction with a quenchless thirst,
(Yea faith), of God's free promise makes a well,
And finds a spring of bliss, whence issuing forth
Sweet rills of consolation, through his mind
Almost incessant flow. Thrice happy he
Whose way to heav'n along this river lies!
What prospects, what delights, what company,
Attend,

Attend, and crown his highly favour'd lot!
Much he believes beyond what he can see,
And much he sees beyond what he can tell.
His thoughts are sunbeams, pure as glowing flame,
Discerning as the eagle's piercing eye,
Active as rolling Time's unwearied wheels,
And vast as heaven's expanse: earth rolls beneath,
While on the rapid wings of light he flies
Up to the centre of immortal bliss,
And basks in the full beams of love supreme.
But, ah, not always can the human mind,
Though born of God, such scenes as these endure!
The happiest reckon these their golden hours,
And oft lament their absence. Down, alas,
E'en from the summit of such heights as these,
The best instructed Christian often sinks
Into Corruption's soul-defiling pit,
And finds himself by latent pride ensnar'd!
Yea, notwithstanding ecstasies so high,
The liveliest Christian sometimes in his race
Lingers, and, half amus'd by things around,
Which tend another way, forgets his own;
Till from his faithful guide, unseen, yet still
His path attending, an important thought,

Less bright than solid, strikes his drowfy pow'rs,
And shews him vast eternity before,
Approaching on the steady wheels of Time,
And ev'ry moment nearer;—death and hell
Appear behind, and dangers all around.

“ Whence camest thou, and whither dost thou go ?

“ Who brought thee hitherto, and on whose pow'r

“ Dost thou for future help and comfort trust ?”

Close to the ear of conscience speaks the voice
Of him who governs in his people's hearts,
And outward pomp to speak his pow'r needs none.

Thus, tho' these cutting winds blow from the
north,

To blast his rising beauties in the bud,
The friendly hills, by Wisdom Infinite
Plac'd near the Christian's path, defend him still
From real harm, while all temptations sad
Serve but to shake his graces to the root,
That deeper they may strike into the Rock
Whence they their strength derive, and, rooted fast,
Grow faster than before. So breaks the Lord
The crafty head of proud Leviathan,
And turns to food the poison it contains,

To

To make his children wiser; turns the curse
(Inseparable from depravity)
To an eternal blessing: working thus,
Alike by means of enemy and friend,
The counsel of his own efficient will.

THEN sings the Christian, with instruction fed,
And cheer'd with wine upon the lees refin'd^a,
(The ancient wine of everlasting love)
" I will extol thee, O my God and King!
" For ever will I bless thy sacred name;
" For thou art wise as just, and just as wise,
" And merciful as either; all thy name
" Throughout creation into shades retires
" Before the glories of thy brighter word.
" Thy faithfulness to thy eternal Son,
" And to the least of all thy saints in him,
" Thro' all thy conduct shines; nor shines the least
" Where most my sin abounds.—Shine, gracious
" Lord,

^a And in this mountain shall Jehovah of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. Is. xxv. 6.

“ Henceforth, as hitherto, while on my way
“ Through conflict I advance; that by thy light
“ I may the path of duty still perceive,
“ And by thy grace maintain it, till I reach
“ The happy land where conflict is no more;
“ Then shall I sing thy praises, not as now,
“ But as the ransom’d sing before thy throne.
“ Yet let me see thy glory while on earth^b;
“ O hide me in the clift of Zion’s Rock,
“ And let thy goodness pass before mine eyes,
“ While on my God in human flesh I gaze,
“ The glory of the gospel and the law!
“ Deep in the stream of his atoning blood
“ My guilty conscience plunge; deep on my heart
“ The beauteous likeness of my Lord engrave:
“ In lively letters of celestial gold
“ Write on my memory thy goodness past;

^b [Moses] said, I beseech thee shew me thy glory. And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of Jehovah before thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy. And Jehovah said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock; and it shall come to pass while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by; and I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen. *Exod. xxxiii. 18—23.*

“ My

“ My present lot with sweet contentment crown,
“ And let thy promis’d glories all before
“ Form the vast prospect of my future bliss!”

WHY blooms one tree in this delightful vale
More than another north of yonder hills?
Must friendly mountains, the wide spreading plain,
The flowing river, and the swelling breeze,
The fertile soil, the show’rs, and precious dew,
With the all-crowning, all-producing sun,
Share of all this the praise? Or must the God,
Who made the sun, who fills the clouds with rain,
Directs each dew-drop where and when to fall,
Within his potent hand the north wind holds,
And from his boundless treasures sends the south,
Who fix’d the mountains, and the vallies spread,
Who form’d of various qualities the earth,
Who fill’d with waters the stupendous deep,
And taught the fruitful rivers where to flow,
Have all the glory? How much more of grace,
Which in no creature system is contain’d,
But ever flows immediate from himself!

INTERNAL evidence assures the man
Who feels it of the pow'r of truth divine;
And truth divine assures the man who sees
Its hidden beauties of a place in heav'n.
But rich experience will produce rich fruit,
And holy meditations in the heart,
Nurtur'd, will into holy actions spring.
Thoughts, words, and actions, in one golden chain
Together link'd in harmony, and worn
With the becoming grace, experience adds,
Is Christian beauty, flourish where it may.

HUMBLE and grateful, cheerful and serene,
As well at home as when with friends abroad;
Content with little, or well using much;
Kind to the world, and loving in the church;
In things domestic prudent; diligent
In business, whether lab'ring with his hands,
Or guiding many by his active mind;
Sound in his understanding, warm his heart,
And shining as the silver moon his life;—
A Christian's like the rose that drinks the dew,
And to the sunbeams opens all its folds,
Then sheds a grateful fragrance on the wings
Of

Of ev'ry gentle breeze that o'er it blows,
And spreads its varied colours to the sight
Of each beholding eye; proclaiming thus
How fruitful the strong beams of noon-day sun,
And how refreshing morn and ev'ning dew.
Often he drinks those flowing streams of life,
The pure heart-cheering promises of grace,
And basks in noon-day beams of love divine;
Then, happy in himself, with gen'rous heart
And bounteous hand diffuses blessings round,
And makes a little heav'n where'er he dwells.

Is he a master? mild in his commands,
In his requirements moderately just,
With gentleness he rules; not soon provok'd,
Nor long at once displeas'd. If he reprove,
He aims at sin—resentment he denies;
Nor ever threatens but with special cause.
Order and Peace, handmaids of happiness,
He constantly maintains, or soon restores,
If jarring spirits on their bounds intrude.
Aware of bright Example's needful force,
He shews himself a pattern to his house.
He knows the man that well would others rule

Must learn to rule himself: self-government
He therefore studies; marks each wayward bent
And fretful disposition of his mind,
And checks it in the bud by sudden pray'r,
Or steady self-denial. Thus he learns
To soften blame with pity, nor expects
From others what he finds not in himself.
Observing daily how his Lord rules him,
His government he strives to imitate,
And rules, as much as possible, by love,
Thus, hon'ring the wise providence of God,
That sees distinctions needful, he obeys
More precepts than he utters, serving them
That are his servants, by his constant care
Of their felicity, as one with his,

No man can properly his lot enjoy
Who knows not how to fill it. Think of this,
Ye who suppose your servants made for you,
And you for tyrant self.—“Obey my voice,”
Jehovah says to kings, “and ye shall reign
“Prosperous and long as life; but disobey,
“And slavish badges, under tyrant lords,
“Your hands bereav'd of sceptres, shall disgrace.”

God

God has ordain'd that like should like produce—
Obey and be obey'd: sow the kind seed
Of tender care for others, and behold,
From grateful diligence, constrain'd by love,
A constant and a plenteous harvest rise.

Is he a servant? with obedient hands
His master's pleasure daily he performs,
Rememb'ring all the while he serves his Lord
By walking in the steps his Lord ordains.

Is he a husband? ev'ry tender proof
Of dear affection and unceasing care,
That marks that character when best sustain'd,
Constant he gives; and rises higher still,
In kind concern for that which never dies,—
He knows the body, precious as it is,
Is but the casket which contains the soul.
What is on earth like two that walk one way
In wedded love, when both their hearts are one?
Their heart, their hope, their aim, their end, the
same —

Nothing but death such pairs can separate ;
Nor death shall part them long, The bands dissolv'd
Which

Which made them one in time, the stronger bands,
Which make them one for ever, still remain :
For, though relations, such as here they fill'd,
Are not in heav'n, the union there exceeds
The highest conjugal delight on earth.

BUT here, alas, the muse must pause awhile,
And drop a tear of pity!—Many a pair,
In wedlock join'd, to two wide centres tend ;
Like fire and water, constantly oppose,
And quench alternately each other's aim !

Does he a father's character sustain ?
He sees the truth of God in man's disgrace,
And hears the voice which says " A sinner comes"
In all the anguish his dear partner feels,
Yet murmurs not beneath the sov'reign hand
That, with abhorrence of the first offence,
The birth of ev'ry child of Adam marks.
Each bad propensity through him deriv'd,
Watching, he aims to check while in the bud,
Nor wonders, though he sighs, when they appear.
What from a root corrupt can he expect

But

But a corrupted branch? Not in the blood *,
Nor of the will of man, is grace convey'd,
But by Jehovah's sov'reign will alone.
From hence he learns submission—God's decrees
For his inspection he accounts too high;—
The precepts are his rule: and well he knows
The Lord will honour them that honour him;
With diligence he therefore tries the means;
And, as the growing pow'rs from infancy
Shoot into childhood, and from childhood branch
To Reason's plainer dawn, advancing still,
Till youthful efforts into actions rise,
And plainly to the strict observer tell
Whither they tend, and whence they are deriv'd,
The prudent father, with an eagle-eye,
Marks ev'ry lisping word, each childish act,
And youthful effort, as they spring to light;
And timely bends and prunes his growing plant:
Rewards the promising, the base detects,
Corrects the wilful, and encourages
(By motive suited to the little mind)
To things that merit and obtain applause.

* Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh,
nor of the will of man, but of God. John i. 13.

How fair the prospect to a parent's mind
Of budding talents and an active soul!
What will not hope, by fond affection warm'd,
Of future usefulness and gifts suggest?

BUT, ah! why starts from the fond mother's eye
That sudden tear? and wherefore that pale look,
Unusual on the tender father's cheek?
Why does that honest servant droop his head,
As for his master griev'd, while he with haste
Flies on some message whisper'd in his ear?
Returning soon, a stranger with him comes,
With foot soft treading, and collected mien,
On whom the mother fixes first her eye,
Then turns it to her child; while her full heart,
For words too big, says by a wishful glance,
Physician, help!—Help the physician, Lord!
The pious father secretly exclaims.
He shakes his head—grief throws her flood-gates
back,

And in at once a tide of sorrow rolls
On ev'ry aching heart. The means are us'd
To feed expiring hope, and lengthen out
The fatal stroke impending, but in vain!

A few

A few days more present a breathless corse
To the sad parents in their darling's room :
Stern winter overtakes their smiling spring,
And frowns their hope of future harvest dead.

Now where's the Christian?—Can he stand the
shock

That severs Nature's tender bonds, and still
The hand that strikes adore? See where he walks!
A brother's friendly ear his tale attends,
While on his arm he leans—"Why art thou sad?"
Kindly his friend inquires. He thus replies :
"I ask'd the Lord, and my request he heard,
"To bless me with a loving, prudent wife.
"Prayer answer'd oft encourages, you know,
"(For God is not like man) to pray again.
"Again I ask'd, submissive to his will,
"If right I judge, and he bestow'd a son.
"What we by prayer obtain we hold with praise :
"And many a sweet sensation through my heart
"From heav'n has dropt, and up to heav'n again
"Ascended on the wings of gratitude,
"While on that object I have fix'd my eye,
"And there myself in miniature beheld.

"And

“ And though the curse was with the blessing mixt,
“ So wisely has the God of providence
“ The links of dear relationship ordain’d,
“ That e’en the curse seem’d to a blessing turn’d,
“ And sweet instruction, through the bitter streams
“ Of man’s apostasy, I oft imbib’d.
“ Now in my ears the little prattler’s tongue
“ Creates delight no more. No more I see,
“ When on my dearest counterpart I look,
“ The lovely infant smiling at the breast,
“ Or at my feet, or on my knees, behold
“ The winning actions of the lively babe,
“ Or the young efforts of expanding thought.
“ The mother’s gushing eyes, the piteous look
“ Of retrospective fondness, the big sigh
“ That breaks abruptly from her lab’ring heart,—
“ Reflect without what still within I feel.
“ The fav’rite spot, on which I fix’d my eyes
“ When first my doors I enter’d, vacant now,
“ Or only by imagination fill’d.
“ The very trifles, once delighted in
“ For childish entertainment, unemploy’d
“ And useless render’d, all salute me now,
“ And in sad silence tell me o’er and o’er,
“ What

“ What I too well remember, I was once
“ Blest with a son.—But I have touch’d my friend,
“ Tis Christian kindness, and deserves my thanks :
“ Yet wipe that tear of sympathy away,
“ And join me, as in sorrow, so in praise :
“ For, though I cannot cease to be a man,
“ I feel I am—all glory to his name
“ Who made me so at first—a Christian still.
“ God is my portion, he the gift bestow’d ;
“ God is my portion, he the gift recall’d ;
“ And, though the gift’s recall’d, my portion still
“ Is God, who gave and took the gift away.
“ Think not thy friend a loser, though bereav’d :
“ Who can the price of solid wisdom weigh,
“ Or count the worth of what experience learns,
“ When God himself’s the teacher ? I have thought
“ No substitute the absence could supply
“ Of that dear object ; but I now believe
“ What God has taught me ; who can teach like him ?
“ That conscience is the seat of blessedness,
“ And he himself, without a creature’s aid,
“ That seat can fill ; can through the yielding heart
“ From thence shine forth, till all the happy soul
“ Basks in the beams of his meridian smile,

M

“ And

“ And needs no other fun. Here would I live,
‘ For here life’s fountain flows ; here would I die,
‘ For one bright glance from my Redeemer’s face
“ Will dissipate the thickest gloom of death.”

No weight can sink the man that God upholds ;
No conflict can dishearten him whose mind
The Captain of salvation deigns to cheer :
I can do all things, all things can endure,
By him supported, and from him supplied.
True, I’ve a wounded heart ; but I’ve a friend
So skill’d in healing, that ’tis more delight
To lie beneath his operating hand,
And bear the sev’ring knife which cuts away
Idoltrous occasion, than to bask
In the full sunbeams of prosperity,
And gratify an uninstructed will !
There is a secret in the way of God
With his own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all he does ; and if such peace
While under his afflicting hand I feel,
What will it be to see him as he is,
And past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul’s repose ;—to contemplate,

In

In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which his wisdom has the mind prepar'd
For the vast weight of glory which remains !
Come then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend :—a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy !
We welcome clouds which bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the op'ning year,
That, by their stores enrich'd, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

Is poverty the lively Christian's lot ?
Content dwells with him in his humble cell ;
And by that prudent handmaid's constant care
He finds a feast where discontent would starve,
For daily blessings sweeten daily bread.
Little has he to care for in this world ;
And much he thinks of that which is to come :
He can look up, without an envious eye,
To stately palaces and rolling cars,
Since in the chariot of redeeming love
He often travels the celestial road,
And oft regales, with unencumber'd state,

In the pavilion of the King of kings.
One thing ennobles much the poor man's house,
And places o'er his crest a coronet
In heraldry divine.—Jefus himself
Had not a place wherein to lay his head^c;
So poor was he by choice, who by his grace
Enriches happy millions here on earth,
And furnishes with jewels heav'n itself.

AMONG the rich and mighty of the earth
Few bear the Christian name : and of that few
How few, alas, are blest with Christian grace !
Yet where of riches, influence, or pow'r,
Much is possess'd, proportionably much
Of generous and charitable deeds
Will by the true believer be perform'd.
The lib'ral hand of Providence expands
The lib'ral Christian's heart; much he receives,
And much he scatters, dealing all around
With cheerfulness what God bestows on him.
Fear not, ye rich, to turn your gold to seed,

^c The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. Mat. viii. 20.

And

And sow it in the fields of poverty ;
A glorious crop, beyond your hopes, will rise,
And will reward your kindness ; ye shall reap
Of present benefit an hundred fold,
And future sheaves of everlasting good.
The kindness of his creatures to himself
The Saviour condescended to accept,
And still their kindness to his saints he deems
Of the same worth, and calls it done to him.

HERE let the painted Pharisee advance,
And look into this mirror. Lo, the spots
Which stain too oft the Christian character
Are visible enough : take comfort then ;
Some evidence thou hast : but look again ;
The features, more in colour than in shape,
Differ from thine. Thou hast the outward form
Exact ; the social band, and public means ;
Where sounds the precious gospel witness thee,
As often present as the first of saints :
The gen'rous list of benefactors kind,
Who snatch our rising race from ruin's jaws,
Swell'd by thy name, proclaims thee to the world
A Christian giver, giving for the sake

(To all appearance) of the Saviour's name.
Nay, let thy bible, mark'd and doubled down
To many a sacred text and promise sweet,
Tell thy next neighbour, sitting by thy side
At public worship, how thy heart is fill'd
With it's divine contents. And let thine eyes,
Oft glancing upward as in fervent prayer,
Thy knees low bending, and thy sobbing heart
At well-turn'd periods, with thy shaking head,
Unite to tell how much devotion dwells,
And dwells at home, within thy contrite breast.
Is there a grace that marks the Christian name
Which thou dost not in it's full bloom possess?
Art thou not humble as the lowliest saint;
Confessing oft the baseness of thy heart,
And witnessing, by floods of gushing tears,
How much thy inmost soul is griev'd for sin?
Is not thy zeal like an ascending flame,
That points to heav'n in all things; or, at least,
In all things done in public? Dost thou not
Talk louder than thy neighbour in defence
Of doctrines orthodox? Canst thou endure
That error should come near thee—error such
As contradicts thy system?—Thou art found
Through

Through all thy creed, and scripture renders thee
 Invulnerable by the strong attacks
 Of lofty-crested Reason.—Who can doubt
 But thou art bound for glory? who can prove
 Thou art not all thy loud profession speaks?
 Now turn into thy closet—start not back!
 There must be sure some secret corner where
 Thy inmost soul is vented; where no eye
 But infinite discernment ever looks:
 Else whence the high devotion which adorns
 Thy public worship?—whence those pious tears,
 Which mark thy cheeks so often while abroad;
 If not the overflowings of an heart
 In secret charg'd with sentiments divine?
 Thy children and thy servants—let them tell,
 By their good order, and affections won,
 To love religion, and revere the saints,
 By thy example, which (expressing more
 Than bare profession) proves religion true.
 Alas, make haste, and close thy mansion fast,
 Lest, while the Muse, with her too prying eye,
 Pushes inquiry, Discord should look out!
 For Discord is no visiter of thine,
 No traveller that tarries for a night,

But dwells with thee at home—rather with thine,
For thou art seldom there; and when thou art,
Peace (if thy absence had invited her),
Scar'd by the fullen frown of discontent,
Which knits thy brow while there, is sure to fly.
How could'st thou dwell in heav'n, where harmony
For ever strikes the founding chords of praise,
And Gratitude, upon the lap of Love,
For ever smiles, delighted with the sound;
Where Order sits supreme upon the throne,
And each well-taught inhabitant well knows,
And well approves, and well becomes, his place?

Now let the candid eye of judgment, clear,
Compare the character, already sung
As Christian, with those righteous men that liv'd
Before and since the flood. Arise, ye faints!
Ye patriarchs, rise!—a cloud of witnesses!—
And by your holy lives confirm my song.
Why did not Abel, as his brother Cain,
With fallen countenance and clouded brow,
Express repugnance to his Maker's will?
By faith, and not by merit, he attain'd
Preeminence, and offer'd to the Lord

A sacrifice

A sacrifice more excellent than Cain :

Faith, not from Adam springing, but the gift,

The gracious gift, of his redeeming God !

By faith, when he beheld the victim bleed

Beneath his knife, the firstling of his flock,

He saw the great atonement after made

On Calvary by the Redeemer's blood ;

And, in that sight rejoicing, saw the way

To heav'n's expanding gates, though never shut

On one redeemed soul till he himself

Enter'd triumphant by that crimson stream

On which by faith he launch'd. " A sinner sav'd,

" A sinner ransom'd from the chains of hell,

" A sinner wash'd in blood, and sanctify'd

" By God's Almighty Spirit!" was the theme

Which fill'd all heav'n with hallelujahs loud,

While through the happy gates his welcome soul

Pass'd to the mansions of eternal bliss.

True, he was righteous, and his brother's deeds,

The black reverse, were wickedness itself :

But Abel's righteous actions were the fruit

Of grace implanted early in his heart ;

And Cain's abhorred deeds were all his own,

The dire effects of cursed enmity

To God and man—inherited, alas,

REDEMPTION. Book V.

By him and all the race from our first fire.
How strong, how irrefragable, the proof
Which then appear'd of man's depravity,
When through his brother's blood, to hell's black
 shades,

Cain urg'd his wilful way! (Such the first fruit
Of human nature!) Abel's righteous life,
His holy joys, his humble walk with God,
And God's acceptance of his sacrifice,
His soul could not endure; his evious eye
Ach'd at the sight of pleasures not his own,
Though not by him desir'd. His brother's blood
His malice shed because his brother's works
Reprov'd his own! What could he do in heav'n,
If heav'n should make him room, where all is love,
And each rejoices in the good of all?
The sight of holy blessedness around
Would fan the fire of envy in his soul,
And breed a hell too horrid for a name.

WHY was not Abel left to murder Cain,
And Cain the first of holy martyrs crown'd?
Dumb be inquiry, since the righteous Judge
Is sov'reign in his gifts, and whom he will

He

He freely faves, and faves because he will—
 The riches of his grace to glorify,
 And level all the haughtinefs of man.
 No other answer seek, but fay, Amen,
 And humbly echo back the fong of heav'n.

NEXT on the holy lift good Enoch ftands.
 Three hundred years, amidft a wicked world,
 He ftm'd the gen'ral tide, and walk'd with God :
 With God he walk'd, and God did condefcend
 (No common favour then) to testify
 His gracious approbation to the heart
 Of humble Enoch many a happy hour ;
 When the vain world, unconscious of his blifs,
 Pity'd, perhaps, or blam'd him, that fo much
 His days he fpent in fecret, and abftain'd
 From things to them delightful : but he fed
 On heav'nly food, had near accefs to God,
 And, from experience of fuch high delight
 In things fuperior, learn'd to fet his feet
 Where they their higheft hopes and wifhes plac'd.
 The heav'n they fought was but the path to his ;
 And he poffeft it, as he walk'd along,
 With a fuperior relifh to the joy

They

They found in it's abuse. The man who plucks,
And as he plucks admires, the full-blown rose,
Yet knows it's beauty soon will die away,
And is not disappointed when it fades ;
Enjoys it sure beyond the smiling babe
That fondly thinks it permanent as fair,
And frets at length to find it cease to charm.
So treats the Christian this dissolving world ;
And, when it's favours or enjoyments fade,
Casts them aside as things of little worth,
And seeks unfading happiness in God :
But, like that fond, deluded, smiling, babe,
The man of reason hugs it to his heart,
Calls it his heav'n, and from it seeks delight,
Till in his vitals it becomes a worm,
And eats the peace he meant it to secure.

As trav'lers on their way refreshment take,
To fit them for their journey, and go on
Content, though rude their fare, to find supply'd
Their wants, and wait for better things at home ;
So Enoch the good things of Providence,
As on his way to heav'n he walk'd with God,
Partook ; and, with the strength he thence deriv'd,
Honour'd

Honour'd and serv'd the Giver of them all—
 But only in his God his portion fought.
 He knew the joys that Christians now partake,
 And felt all through his soul what makes them sing
 As on their way they walk, when heav'n's bright
 gates,
 Expanded to the piercing eye of Faith,
 Invite them home, and bid them speed their way.
 Yea, he rejoic'd, though then the world was young,
 In it's destruction; for his eye was fix'd
 On the new world, since promis'd to th' elect
 In terms more plain than it was then reveal'd.
 His heav'n-taught mind look'd forward to that day,
 And of that morn he prophesy'd, when Christ
 The Judge and Saviour, with ten thousand saints,
 Should come to sentence an ungodly world.

At length his soul imbib'd too much of heav'n
 Longer with sinners here to be confin'd.
 So well he lov'd his God—(Say rather, muse,
 So well his God lov'd him)—that up at once
 Both soul and body to himself he took:
 Not through the gates of death, as others pass,
 But in the chariot of eternal love;

As

As only one since then has found the way.
Then earth was poor, and heav'n one jewel held
From all the rest distinct—(A jewel such
As will compose the Mediator's crown,
When from the dead the ransom'd church shall rise
In one bright army incorruptible,
And all immaculate as Christ himself!)—
A perfect soul and perfect body, join'd
In union never more to be dissolv'd.

Poor was the world indeed, as soon appear'd,
When swelling vengeance, pouring from the skies,
And bursting from the fountains of the deep,
Delug'd the highest hills, and of the vales
Made sepulchres for all that in them dwelt;
One favour'd man excepted, and with him
The family in whom his life was bound:
He also, as good Enoch, walk'd with God,
And God acknowledg'd him: for when the world
Had sinn'd beyond forgiveness; when their crimes
Reach'd up to heav'n, and dar'd Almighty wrath;
When the corruptness of their thoughts and ways
Had wearied out the patience of a God;
He in his eyes found grace: and God to him
His

His dread intent made known, commanding him
To build an ark wherein himself to save,
And all his house, while he the world destroy'd.
Noah obey'd, for Noah fear'd the Lord,
Tho' man he did not fear; and while he wrought,
As God instructed him, the mighty work,
He warn'd his neighbours of the threat'ning storm
Which gather'd o'er their heads, their sins reprov'd,
And preach'd a future Saviour's righteousness,
And that atonement by him after made
The only means of pardon. They their sins
Lov'd rather than this Saviour, and despis'd
(As men do now) the messenger of God,
'Till Justice came and swept them all away.
So, when the SON OF MAN on a bright cloud,
With all his glorious train around him, comes
To judge the quick and dead, will men be swept
From sin to swift destruction, there to learn,
By long experience, that which while on earth
They would not hear—that God will not be mock'd.

God threatens oft, and long his hand withholds,
That men, repenting, may avoid the blow :
But when he strikes he makes the rebel feel

His

His arm's almighty, and his wrath is hell.
So felt the world; while Noah, on the waves
Which swallow'd them upborne, trusting in God,
His skilful pilot, knew himself secure,
Tho' death was all around. God shut him in,
(Whose hand let loose the flood) and kept him safe
O'er all the shoreless billows; watching still
The favour'd ark which on destruction rode;
But could not be destroy'd, till safe at last
On Ararat th' assuaging waters lodg'd
Their precious charge, and left it the with God.

So ride the saints secure in Christ their ark,
On whom Destruction's waves were all let loose,
And for a while prevail'd; but he arose,
By his own strength, superior to them all,
And fix'd the anchor of his church in heav'n.
And tho' the waves may lift their heads on high,
And dash against the favourites of God,
While on Temptation's billows they remain,
They never can prevail, for God himself
Sits at the helm, and guides the vessel right:
The seas may swell; the craggy rocks may stand
In dread array to fright the mariners;

Yea,

Yea, many a storm may rise, and blacken round
The dismal prospect, till no light appears
To cheer the drooping heart, or raise the hope
Of her enclos'd within. But, should the force
Of all the jarring elements at once,
With sin and sorrow, pain and death, unite,
And hellish malice lend them policy,
Zion could never sink, for God is there,
And these are all his creatures. In his hand
He holds the reigns of sov'reign government,
And checks, and bounds, and calms them at his will.
O then rejoice, ye who have trembling fought,
And timely found, a refuge from the storm
Of wrath divine in the Redeemer's breast:
Soon o'er the waves of trouble and distress,
Which ah! so oft you feel, and oft'ner fear,
Your little bark, out-riding ev'ry storm
That rises now, or may in future rise,
Shall rest upon the everlasting hills,
And never feel one dashing surge again.

THE flood abated, and the ground was dry,
When forth again the chosen family
Came by divine command. Then God was pleas'd

N

With

With sinful man a covenant to make,
That never down from heav'n again should fall,
Or from the fountains of the deep arise,
Another flood to deluge all the earth;
And of that covenant the peaceful sign
Is the bright bow^d, which on the azure vault
So oft appears when clouds fly threat'ning round:
On which Jehovah looks, and keeps in mind
His ancient word:—on which the saints with joy
Gaze, and remember what a faithful God
Has promis'd and performs. Gaze, Deist, there,
And tremble, lest thy faith be found a lie!

THUS was the promis'd seed preserv'd alive,
Which should in future bruise the serpent's head,
And only suffer in his heel a bruise.

^d And God said, this is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations. I do set my bow in the cloud; and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh: and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth, Gen. ix-12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

God

God will not without witness leave himself;
And witnesses, perhaps, had many more,
Beside those patriarchs whose illustrious names
Shine through the sacred page as shines the moon
Amidst the twinkling stars. But these are drawn
By an unerring pen, to shew the pow'r
Of rich redeeming grace. The promise dropt
Almost as soon from heav'n as man from bliss;
And from that promise God his faithful eye
Has never turn'd, but still, as time rolls round,
Makes manifest, to all who mark his ways,
What by his sov'reign grace he then reveal'd.
Admire, ye heav'ns! ye sons of men adore
The condescending God, that down to earth
Stoops from his throne with creatures of a day
To hold free converse, and to visit oft
His lowly dwelling in familiar form!
But still on all his kindness sov'reignty
Is with a sunbeam written:—silent then
Be ev'ry tongue before a silent God!
Ten generations pass'd, of whom no more
On sacred record stands but that they liv'd
So long a time, and after so long, dy'd:
Till Abraham, for faith and fortitude

In holy writ renown'd, nor less esteem'd
For prompt obedience of Jehovah's will,
Arose a star in eastern history,
To shine admir'd through all the western world.
Admir'd for what?—for shedding human blood,
For conq'ring kingdoms, and ascending thrones,
By his high courage and victorious arms?
No—he who rules his Spirit, and denies
His vicious appetites, is bolder far
Than he that butchers thousands to advance
His name, his cause, his country, or his king.
Yet he could fight, and conquer too, when call'd
To right the injur'd, and the prey restore
Back to its owners; but his excellence
Was not on thrones or conquer'd kingdoms built—
Faith in Jehovah's promise made him great;
Abra'm believ'd, and he was counted just^e.

WHEN God first call'd him from his father's house
He stood not questioning with flesh and blood
If this or that were best, but went at once,

^e Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. iv. 3.

Not knowing whither: and when up to heav'n
Jehovah pointed him to count the stars,
If possible, and promis'd that his seed
Should equal them in number, he believ'd,
Though he himself was aged, and his wife
Had pass'd the time of nature to conceive.
In hope against hope he could rest secure
That what Jehovah said would come to pass:
What stagger'd Sarah's faith (and faith she had)
Found sudden credit in the patriarch's breast.

ONE day, as Abra'm sat within his tent
On Mamre's plains, about the height of noon,
Three angel forms at distance he beheld
As travellers; when up in haste he rose,
And ran to meet them, conscious who was there;
(For he had oft with God convers'd before).
Low bending to their feet, he thus address'd
His heav'nly visitors.—“ My gracious Lord,
“ If now I have found favour in thy sight,
“ Pass not away, but with thy servant here
“ Abide, and take refreshment at my hands.”
The condescending presence answer'd, “ Go,
“ And do as thou hast said.” He quickly went,

And

And soon return'd with well prepar'd repast.
His heav'nly guests fed on his earthly fare;
While Sarah in the tent at distance stood;
Yet not so far but she might catch the sound,
Of ought herself concerning, that might fall
From those celestial guests, who with her lord
(So she her husband call'd) free converse held,
Soon her own name, with kind inquiry join'd,
She heard announc'd—and heard, with fix'd amaze,
A promise from the Lord, that she a son
Should bear to Abra'm by the time of life
From thence commencing! As if some kind friend,
Whose hand was not efficient to perform
What warm affection promis'd, said the word,
She to her reason turn'd: and Reason said,
“ Shall I have pleasure who have past the time
“ Of woman's latest hopes—my lord himself
“ Advancing also down the steep of age?”
Thus Reason, and as quick her handmaid Sense,
Produc'd a laugh at what so strange appear'd.
But Reason should have known Jehovah's word,
That spake into existence all that is,
Was more than able to remove the bars
Which his own creature, Nature, could obtrude :
And

And Sense, instead of laughter, with a smile
Of gratitude should have reply'd, "Amen."
Jehovah, who is still a jealous God,
And never with his glory will dispense,
Observ'd the fault, and thus to Abra'm said:
"Wherefore did Sarah laugh, and question thus—
" ' Shall I indeed have pleasure who am old?'
" Is any thing too hard for me? I will,
" According to the time of life, return,
" And she shall bear a son."—Then Sarah fear'd;
And fear suggested falsehood:—she deny'd
The righteous charge, and said "I did not laugh."
"Nay, but thou didst," the Lord again reply'd;
And she was silent. From their humble seat,
This promise giv'n, the heav'nly guests arose,
And tow'rd's devoted Sodom turn'd their eyes.

Long he believ'd without more evidence
Than God's bare word.—But now a son was giv'n;
And in his old age all the strength of youth
Return'd with vigour to his glowing veins
For more than threescore years. Isaac was born,
And liv'd till he became a lovely youth—
His father's honour, and his mother's joy.

Thus

Thus far his faith was strong; but how much more
When he, whose hand bestow'd, demanded back
The precious gift of his dear Isaac's life?
Then Abra'm's faith was fruitful; he obey'd
At once his Lord's command, nor stoop'd to hear
The voice of nature pleading for his son,
But rais'd his hand to strike the duteous blow—
Aim'd at his darling's heart: till God from heav'n
(No other voice could check his firm resolve)
Call'd to forbid what he to try his faith
At first commanded.—Isaac was restor'd
As a reward of his triumphant faith!

TYPE of the new-born soul opposing sin,
Young Jacob in the birth on Esau's heel
Took wrestling hold, him threat'ning to supplant.
A wrestler born is ev'ry heir of grace;
And each that enters heav'n a wrestler dies.
A warring infant, and a victor crown'd
In death with laurels which can never fade,
Are lively emblems of the bud of grace,
And grace full ripe for glory. Mark the man^f

^f Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of
that man is peace! Ps. xxxvii. 37.

Who

Who lives opposing sin, and conq'ring dies,
And say with confidence, "his end was peace."

Grace, in its influence, was in ancient days
What grace is now—unchangeably the same;
It ever flows from one eternal source—

The everlasting love of God in Christ.

The Saviour's image mark'd the heav'n-bound soul
Long ere Divinity was clad in flesh:

And Jacob's portrait, drawn with light and shade
By Truth's own pencil striking as the life,

Proves that the Christian in that ancient garb
Differ'd in garb alone from Christians now.

With what simplicity were Faith, and Hope,
And Patience, waiting for the growth of bliss,
Till God should bid it ripen, exercis'd

In Jacob's bosom, when he first went forth,
On God dependent, from his father's house!

An humble staff was all his equipage,
And his provision—trust in Providence.'

Thus, unencumber'd with terrestrial care,
Alone he travell'd till the sun was set;

Then laid his lowly head upon a stone,
And slept all night in peace. In peace he slept,
For his obedient mind from guilt was free,

And therefore free from fear.—Fear only dwells
Where guilt inhabits. None can sleep so sweet
As one whom a good conscience soothes to rest.
So rest my soul as I my way pursue
To my eternal home! Let Jacob's peace,
And Jacob's guard, and Jacob's God, be mine!
And mine the prospect happy Jacob saw—
The blissful prospect of a way to heav'n,
And guards celestial planted all along;
While from the summit God's omniscient eye
Watches his chosen people as they pass!

SEE Jacob, born a wrestler, wrestling live,
And shout salvation in the jaws of death!
Behold the child grasp at the filial crown!
Behold the youth his appetite deny,
A future glorious birthright to obtain:
Then see the man from persecution's frown
Fly not unenvied, though with empty hand,
Because his father's blessing crown'd his head,
And show'rs of promis'd good bedew'd his path!
With his stone pillows, and angelic guard,
See him, while journeying, favour'd with a view
Of God's appointed way to endless rest,

When he on earth the heav'n-propp'd ladder saw,
And from it's summit heard Jehovah's voice !
See twenty years, in Laban's service spent,
By day to heat expos'd, to, cold by night :
See him, his labours with abundance crown'd,
Return with honour to his father's house ;
And cross that Jordan, with a num'rous train,
Which with his staff alone he pass'd before !
See heaven's blood royal animate his heart
With such celestial courage by the way,
That as a prince he conquer'd, and was crown'd ;
Wrestled with God, and won the glorious prize !
Long with domestic jars and changes try'd,
See him in Egypt and in Canaan dwell ;
Then see the good old man, matur'd at last,
And ripe for heav'n, with blessings on his lips
And glory in his eye ; and say, ye sons
Of Abra'm's faith, of Isaac's fortitude,
And wrestling Jacob's heav'n-besieging pray'rs,
If in this sketch no likeness you discern
To all that now are Israelites indeed !



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